The Spectator

No. 5,173.] WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1927.

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS.

	PAGE
TOPICS :	
The Truth about the League	272
Trade Unionism	273
The Chinese Turmoil	274
Where the British Hotel is Wanting (Stephen Gwynn)	275
"Adopt, Adapt and Improve" (T. Ernest Jackson)	276
Building Western Canada (Victoria Williams)	277
In Defence of Plagiarism (D. Hollis)	277
John and His Parrot	278
CORRESPONDENCE : A Letter from Budapest	279
COUNTRY LIFE (Sir W. Beach Thomas)	280
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR :	
The Slums of Chelsea	281
Stag-Hunting by Telephone	282
Dragons	284
The Feat of a Red Squirrel	285
POETRY :	
A Lament (Wilfred Gavin)	279
Font-Georges (H. W. Garrod)	285
BOOKS :	
Some Books on Blake (Evelyn Underhill)	287
Doers and Dreamers	288
The Journal of Katherine Mansfield (Richard Church)	288
An Expert Yachtsman	289
The "New Readers Library" Reprints	290
NOTES FOR COLLECTORS	295
MOTORING NOTES	295
FINANCE : Soviet Russia, a World Enigma (Arthur W. Kiddy)	296
INSURANCE : The Most Suitable Policy (Sir William Schooling)	298

EDITORIAL AND PUBLISHING OFFICES : 13 *York Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. 2.*—*A Subscription to the* SPECTATOR *costs Thirty Shillings per annum, including postage, to any part of the world. The* SPECTATOR *is registered as a Newspaper. The Postage on this issue is : Inland* ½*d., Foreign* ½*d.*

News of the Week

MR. COSGRAVE'S unexpected victory in the Dail on Tuesday was of much greater importance than is suggested by his narrow margin of one vote. That vote was the casting vote of the Speaker, but the fact that Mr. Cosgrave's Government was not defeated proclaims the failure of Mr. De Valera's scheme. There is no doubt that Mr. De Valera was playing for a very high stake, and if he had succeeded the future of the Free State would have exchanged its hopeful aspect for one of profound gloom. It was not merely that Mr. De Valera feared political extinction from the new law which provides that every candidate at an election must pledge himself to take the Oath of Allegiance if he is returned; he tried to turn defence into offence, and he calculated that if his party ended their abstention and took their seats in the Dail they would be able, by means of a general working alliance with the Labour Party and Captain Redmond's National League, to sway the Dail, and be able to exact as the price of their political friendship a modification of the Oath.

* * * *

Let us look first at this matter of the Oath. The Anglo-Irish Treaty may be said to depend upon the Oath, for without those words embodying the Oath, which were contrived with extraordinary care and most fertile ingenuity, there could not have been a Treaty. Here are the words :—

> "I . . . do solemnly swear true faith and allegiance to the Constitution of the Irish Free State as by law established and that I will be faithful to H.M. King George V., his heirs and successors by law, in virtue of the common citizenship of Ireland with Great Britain and her adherence to and membership of the group of nations forming the British Commonwealth of Nations."

Ever since December, 1922, when the Irish Free State Act was passed, Mr. De Valera—at least till last week—has denounced the Oath as an atrocious and humiliating instrument to which no decent Irish patriot could dream of setting his name. The basis of Mr. De Valera's Republicanism was, in brief, that there could be no pledge of fidelity in any shape or form to the King. Yet on Wednesday of last week, he and his party unanimously decided that they could take the Oath without any loss of self-respect and without committing themselves in any way since it was an "empty formula."

* * * *

The solemnity and precision of the words of the Oath are obvious. In swearing allegiance and announcing simultaneously in a manifesto that they had no intention of obeying, the Republicans not only perjured themselves, but made the whole of their past agitation ridiculous. No comment that we could make would deepen the impression of disgust produced by the Republican action upon all men who cherish honour and distinguish between sense and nonsense. We cannot help wondering what admonitions have come—for surely some must have come—from the Roman Catholic Hierarchy to those Republicans who are in intimate contact with their Church.

* * * *

Although a modification of the Oath has for the time being been thrust out of practical politics by Mr. De Valera's failure and by the strong declarations of loyalty made on Tuesday by Mr. Johnson, the leader of the Labour Party, and by Captain Redmond, it is as well to say something on this subject lest it should crop up again. We admit that as the Oath, on his own confession, means nothing whatever to Mr. De Valera, it might seem a matter of small moment what form it should take. A Republican frankly declaring himself an enemy of the Empire might even be an easier customer to deal with than one who sheltered himself under a form to which he acknowledged no obligation. Why not then tolerate any change that would bring peace? That, however, is not the real point, though it seems to be so to some Labour and Liberal commentators in this country. The real point is that the words embodying the Oath satisfied all parties to the Treaty in circumstances in which no other formula could conceivably have done so.

* * * *

Mr. Cosgrave, with a courage which has been matched by his skill, has suffered much for the Oath. He has been unfalteringly loyal. The British Government could not have encouraged, helped and sanctioned the Free State but for their confidence that the Treaty and its Oath would be dutifully observed. The Empire as a whole

would not have approved of the creation of the Free State if the Free State had not accepted membership of the Empire. It is true that "equality of status" does not entitle the Dominions to determine the nature of any Constitution defined in a treaty between Great Britain and any one part of the Empire, but it would be as impossible as it would be unwise to disregard the sentiments of the Dominions as a whole. All these things compose a series of loyalties which have to be remembered and honoured. It is not to be thought of that they could all be swept away and the dangerous Irish question be again thrown into the arena of controversy just to satisfy the caprice of a De Valera.

* * * *

The motion in the Dail on Tuesday, which declared that the Government no longer retained the confidence of a majority of the members, was moved by Mr. Johnson. It had been regarded as certain that there would be a majority for the motion from the moment when Captain Redmond announced that his party was unanimous in its support. To the surprise of everybody, however, one member of the National League, Mr. John Jinks, did not take part in the division. At the last moment he had changed his mind. There was much more excitement in the streets than in the House, for the debate was really rather dull. We are not sure what mode of political thought was responsible for the carrying in the streets of Union Jacks which bore the legend: "This is not the Union Jack. It is an empty formula." Probably this was Sinn Fein's mordant and scornful criticism of Mr. De Valera.

* * * *

Mr. Johnson said that his chief charge against the Government was based on its economic policy. The Government had done little to relieve distress. As for the three measures which had been introduced since the murder of Mr. Kevin O'Higgins—the Public Safety Bill, the Electoral Amendment Bill, and the Constitutional Amendment Bill—he was convinced that they would lessen the chances of good government and of social peace. It had been said that there was no alternative to the existing Government, but the entry of 43 Republicans into the Dail had transformed the situation. It was in the belief that there was a crying need for a new Government and for a period of settlement and reconstruction that he was willing to work with the Republicans. But he must make it clear that the Labour Party intended to give "the fullest possible support" to the Treaty and the Constitution. The Constitution and the Treaty granted the country all that it needed. In effect the Free State was already a Republic. Mr. De Valera did not speak.

* * * *

Mr. Cosgrave said that his economic administration had not changed in two months, yet two months ago Mr. Johnson had been ready to form a coalition with the Government. Mr. Johnson was evidently animated by political rather than economic considerations. He would therefore ask one question. Would not the assassins of Kevin O'Higgins be easier in their minds if Mr. Johnson's motion was passed? Captain Redmond took the line that there were quite enough guarantees that a satisfactory substitute could be found for Mr. Cosgrave's Government, and he saw nothing but a promise of good in the decision of the Republicans to take their seats in the Dail. So far as that goes we entirely agree with Captain Redmond. It is much better that the Republicans should be judged openly by their Parliamentary actions than continue their hole-and-corner intrigues in comparative secrecy.

* * * *

In the division there were 71 votes for the motion, and 71 against. The Speaker then gave his vote for the Government. If Mr. Jinks had voted against the Government, Mr. Cosgrave would no doubt have resigned. As it is there is a breathing space, as the Dail is adjourned till October 11th. The general belief is that Mr. Cosgrave will appeal to the country. As he still has a majority, he can do that. The Constitution forbids a President who has not a majority to claim a dissolution.

* * * *

The members of the Soviet Central Committee are evidently hard put to it to know how to deal with what is now formally called the "Opposition." The fact that there is an Opposition, and that it is of some magnitude, is a remarkable sign of the evolution of Sovietism. The Russian Revolution seems to be following the lines of the French Revolution; the *bourgeoisie* stands to gain more than the peasantry, and we even hear of a Bonapartist tendency in the army. A year ago it would have been unthinkable that a regular Opposition to the Central Committee should be tolerated, but now the Central Committee does not know how to get rid of those "turbulent priests," Trotsky, Zinovieff, Radek, Sapronoff, Smirnoff and the rest. The upshot of the recent Conference which considered methods of putting an end to the Opposition is that the Opposition is allowed to remain because the Central Committee does not feel strong enough to do anything else. Meanwhile the storm of official invective against the rebels has redoubled. We are reminded of an old picture of a small French *gendarme* saying with immense dignity to a hulking labourer, whom he has in vain ordered to move on, "What! You will not move? Then stay where you are!"

* * * *

The Declaration of Repentance signed last year by Trotsky, Zinovieff and their friends of the Opposition meant so little that (as the Riga correspondent of the *Times* says) the Opposition is now stronger than ever. Stalin, Bukharin, Rykoff and the other leaders of the Central Committee have the air of outlawing their critics, but they cannot prevent the quarrel going on which is changing the face of Communism. So far as our sympathy can be with any Bolshevist, we sympathize with Stalin and his friends, who seem to have more sense and a greater power of realism than the Opposition. The Opposition itself is by no means a unity. There is a small left wing which hotly attacks the Central rulers for having sacrificed the interests of the workers to the new *bourgeoisie*, and for having dropped the proletarian system and erected in its place a kind of privileged bureaucracy. The larger group of the Opposition (to which Trotsky and Zinovieff belong) attacks the Central Committee mainly on account of its failures in foreign policy. Trotsky and Zinovieff say that Stalin, instead of setting up Soviets at once in China, compromised with *bourgeois* elements in the Kuomintang and as a result experienced an utter failure. As regards Stalin's policy in Great Britain, they say that the importance of the General Council of the Trades Union Congress was exaggerated and that Stalin's negotiations with the "traitors" of this body ended, as they were bound to end, in lowering the revolutionary reputation of the Soviet, and in precipitating the rupture with the British Government.

* * * *

These things by no means exhaust the troubles of the Central Committee. Separatist movements are going on in the Ukraine, White Russia, the Caucasus, and even in the "Tartar Republic." The Riga correspondent of the *Times* says that the Ukraine movement is the most important. All these separatist communities accuse

the Central Committee of exercising an oppressive power by intense centralization, and they see in declarations of independence the only means of regaining their freedom.

* * * *

The French newspapers continue to be excited by the bellicose speeches of German militarists. Some of the recent speeches in Germany have certainly been extremely stupid and provocative. M. Briand has sincerely been trying to cultivate a policy of conciliation, and it is tactless of any German to refer to the reduction of the troops on the Rhine as a "right" and as something which involves no obligation of corresponding conciliation in Germany. On the other hand, it is surely unnecessary for public men in France to take the German fire-breathers quite literally. There will be no real conciliation so long as the retention of French troops on the Rhine inspires retired German generals to breathe forth threats, and so long as these threats are taken in France as a proof of the necessity of keeping the French troops where they are. The safest course for everybody would be to withdraw all foreign troops from Germany. Germany's position as at once a full member of the League and as an occupied country is quite anomalous. A comparatively few foreign troops in Germany cannot possibly prevent her from arming.

* * * *

We have discussed the Chinese situation in a leading article, but here we must mention the latest events which have been reported since that article was written. The Northerners, having reached Pukow, on the Yangtze, have been shelling Nanking on the opposite shore. British ships of war have been ordered to Nanking to protect foreigners. The main part of the Southern armies engaged are falling back on Shanghai. Thus the foreigners in Shanghai are suddenly once more in the position of having to defend themselves. There is no greater danger than a demoralized retreating army. General Duncan has ordered the British troops back to their advanced posts round the International Settlement. He has also cut the Shanghai-Hangchow railway. This last act, though it will delay the sudden falling back on the city of an armed rabble, had for its immediate cause the refusal of the local Chinese soldiers to return the wings of a British aeroplane which they had seized after the aeroplane had descended through engine trouble.

* * * *

The Commissioners of Crown Lands propose to develop some of Swinley Forest land which is in their charge, lying between Ascot and Bagshot. With no knowledge of the details we can believe that something of the kind can be done in the interest of the taxpayer without detriment to the amenities. There is one point, however, which we would urge in any such scheme, and in particular on the Crown, which should set a good example. It is intended to make a "residential" quarter with a golf course or two: the sites will be such that "good" houses with gardens will be built for people likely to keep motor-cars. Whether the Commissioners build themselves or lease the sites, it should be provided that for every house there should also be a cottage or two to give accommodation for a gardener and adequate rooms attached to the garage. Otherwise an old trouble will arise. The new lessees will bring their gardeners and drivers: if these are bachelors they will be unable to marry for lack of cottages. If they are married they will have to part from their families. The neighbouring villages, probably already overcrowded, will be subject to worse pressure than ever.

* * * *

The promised Royal Commission on London Squares was appointed last week. It will investigate the conditions under which the squares are held and used, and consider methods of safeguarding them permanently as open spaces. It does not follow that even if the squares can be kept as open spaces, that is to say as places that may not be built upon, they can be thrown open to the public or to children as playing-grounds. Apparently it will be within the discretion of the Royal Commission to make recommendations on these subjects, but they are not explicitly within the terms of reference. We sincerely wish there were not so many difficulties in the way of the playing-field ideal, but the difficulties, it must be admitted, are great as well as numerous. We trust that the Commission will at the very least recommend strongly that no open space must be lost to London, and that squares which are ceasing to be residential should be earmarked for use at the appropriate time as recreation grounds or playing-fields.

* * * *

The British Broadcasting Corporation has been accused of lethargy and indifference to Imperial interests because it is slow to inaugurate a system of Empire broadcasting. Captain Eckersley, the Chief Engineer of the Corporation, wrote an able letter to the *Times* on Friday, August 12th, meeting these criticisms. He says that it is quite true that sounds of music and speech can be picked up by amateurs in almost every part of the world, but results which are possible for expert amateurs do not imply the clarity and continuity which are necessary for a regular service. He states, however, that he is more hopeful now than he ever was before of the possibility of establishing a satisfactory service. By the end of this year a short-wave station will be opened experimentally. Empire broadcasting would of course have to be by means of relays. While we are writing about broadcasting, we must welcome the continuation of the Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall. It must be remembered that the broadcasting of the concerts is only an experiment. The Corporation does not undertake indefinitely to meet the expense of an empty or half-empty concert hall. Listeners-in will continue to enjoy their Promenade music only if enough people go in person to the Queen's Hall.

* * * *

The International Olympic Committee and the International Association Football Federation have taken a most unfortunate decision. They have announced that amateur footballers may receive payment for broken time. This strikes at the root of amateurism as it has always been defined and preserved in Great Britain. It seems to us impossible that the decision should be accepted. It is not as though there were any irremediable grievances among those who want to take part in important matches and cannot afford to do so. Professionalism is duly recognized in this country, and ample provision is made for it. If a man says he must not merely get his out-of-pocket expenses but must be paid wages for playing, he is not an amateur but a professional. It is quite easy for an amateur to become a professional if he thinks it worth his while to do so. It is essential in the best interests of games and sports that there should be no humbug about the distinction between amateurism and professionalism. Both are honourable so long as they are what they profess to be.

* * * *

Bank Rate, 4½ per cent., changed from 5 per cent., on April 21st, 1927. War Loan (5 per cent.) was on Wednesday 101¾; on Wednesday week 101¾; a year ago 101 3/16. Funding Loan (4 per cent.) was on Wednesday 86¾; on Wednesday week 86⅞; a year ago 86 5/16. Conversion Loan (3½ per cent.) was on Wednesday 76 5/16; on Wednesday week 76⅜; a year ago 75 11/16.

The Truth about the League

A GRAND debate has been going on in France about the first principles of the League. The protagonists have been M. Briand and M. Henri de Jouvenel, with the horse, foot and artillery of the Press joining in. The discussion arose out of the announcement by M. de Jouvenel that he would no longer be able to attend the Assembly at Geneva as a French delegate. He fully stated his reasons, and M. Briand, with an equal elaboration, gave his reasons for protesting against M. de Jouvenel's decision. As these matters go to the root of what the League stands for and its methods of work, they are well worth examination. Another session of the League is approaching, and it is desirable that all enthusiastic supporters of the League, among whom we count ourselves, should be clear in their minds about the methods which may raise the League to greater usefulness and honour, and about those which may bring it into danger and ridicule.

M. de Jouvenel complains that France, Great Britain, Italy and Germany habitually withhold from the League problems which ought properly to be submitted to it, and that there is a tendency to return to the old methods of diplomacy and settle in private what ought to be settled by the League itself. The results of these practices are obvious to M. de Jouvenel—dissatisfaction among the smaller Powers and the encouragement of the large Powers in the belief that they can actually impose a policy upon everybody else.

Of course, M. de Jouvenel's motives are excellent. No real friend of the League would want to say a single word disrespectful about the opinions of one who has the interests of the League so much at heart and who has worked for it so industriously. But the question is how far M. de Jouvenel's accusations are justified by the facts—how far he is undesignedly advocating that zeal ought to outrun discretion. There is, indeed, another side to the shield—the danger of causing the League while it is still in process of evolution to sink under the weight of labours which are as yet beyond its competence.

There can be no doubt whatever about M. Briand's sincere belief in the League. Unlike many of his countrymen, he is a genuine convert. He never contemplates a new step in French policy without looking at it from the point of view of the League, and he often gets himself into trouble at home by doing so. Now, M. Briand definitely declares that the League ought not to be called in when the disputants can settle a quarrel of their own accord. It is better, he thinks, that they should cultivate the habit of accommodation, feeling all the time that the League is in the background as an ultimate court of justice, or at least of publicity. This is, of course, precisely the view that has been taken by Sir Austen Chamberlain. He has expressed the opinion that the League ought not to go out of its way to interfere here, there and everywhere, but that it ought, on the other hand, always to be ready to adjust disputes which cannot be settled "out of court." There is a complete analogy to this point of view in the use of the Law Courts in private life. It is undoubtedly better that people should keep out of the courts; it is more honourable, more agreeable and more gracious to come directly to terms with your enemy if you can. But if you cannot, there are the courts. And so it is in international life—there is the League.

Lord Cecil, of whom there is no more staunch friend of the League among British statesmen, is apparently of the same mind as Sir Austen Chamberlain. The League is still an experiment, though one of the most beneficent experiments conceived by the human mind, and Lord Cecil, as we understand him, is constantly frightened of putting more on the League than it can bear while its prestige and its machinery are still being built up. The time may come, and we hope and believe will come, when the authority of the League will be far greater than it is now; but in our view the one certain way of delaying this consummation is to declare that Utopia has been created and is ready to be inhabited. Our building must be more studied, more cautious.

It is easy for M. de Jouvenel to point to instances where the League has failed because the Council either preferred the decision of some other body or followed the line of least resistance and ignobly placed expediency before principle. There was the case of Vilna. The League consented to the "accomplished fact" and recognized the illegal seizure of the city by the Poles rather than face further trouble. After all, however, the Poles found that extenuating arguments in their favour were more common and more ingenious in France than in any other country. Then there was the case of Corfu. The League, M. de Jouvenel would say, shirked the whole responsibility and passed it on to the Conference of Ambassadors. But surely the answer is that Italy was in a very truculent mood; that her aggressiveness might have turned into an attitude of general defiance if she had been arraigned before the League; and that the settlement by the Ambassadors was the most satisfactory that could be obtained in the circumstances, largely because it was obtained quietly. Then, again, there was the quarrel between Albania and Yugo-Slavia. Albania laid her case before the League, which, instead of considering it, begged the parties to settle the quarrel of their own accord. The fact is that they did manage to settle it, but it is justifiable to think that they would not have been so accommodating if they had not had a profound consciousness that the powers of the League were waiting in reserve.

M. Briand, Sir Austen Chamberlain and Lord Cecil would be the last people to say that the League should show a trace of hesitation when its offices are the only way out of the difficulty. M. Briand holds that the problem of the Iraq frontier was properly referred to and properly decided by the League, and that it could not have been so satisfactorily settled by any other means. For our part, we remember with particular gratification the frontier trouble between Greece and Bulgaria—one of those racial trials of strength which in former days would have made the whole of Europe stand to arms. In the most natural way and without any fuss the dispute was laid before the League, which disposed of it almost as a matter of routine, while the world took hardly any notice. To our minds that incident was one of the most remarkable, because undesigned and unacclaimed, proofs which we have yet had of the march towards triumph of the League.

It must be remembered that the League was never intended to put ordinary diplomacy out of action. There must still be negotiations through the traditional channels. Because negotiations go on about momentous international affairs at private meetings, it is not proved

that the League is being robbed of its functions. It is enough, at present at all events, that the League should gather up, take cognizance of, and (where it is right) approve of what has been done. Locarno was a prime example of something sectionally conceived but receiving and deserving the hall-mark of the League. It was the way of wisdom because it dealt only with what was practicable and attainable.

Trade Unionism

GREAT Britain's record in trade-union history is one of which the country is proud. We do not say this referring to any present controversy, for we do not use the word history of events of the day before yesterday. We are thinking of the democratic spirit of the mediaeval Guilds when there was little enough democracy elsewhere: of the fall of the Guilds when they became tyrannical protectionists, selfishly restraining trade in their own supposed interests: of the repeal of the Combination Laws: of the growth of the present unions which were the models of the unions of the civilized world. To them is due the habit of collective bargaining without which no highly organized industry could be carried on. Masters may have complained before the War that the unions made things difficult for them, but they knew that the unions did as much to make success possible as to make it difficult. The best employers to-day want unions to deal with: the worst need them to check any unfair treatment that they might have a chance of meting out to their work-people. There is also international business looming up which can be helped enormously by trade unions rightly directed. Furthermore, is modern education futile? Only the blindest of employers can think (if they think at all) that the Church, voluntary effort, and the State when it had watched results, could or would have spent millions of money before and after 1870 on education, without some result, good or bad. We have no shadow of doubt that the good alone need be considered. But if the weekly wage-earner is now an educated person, it is ridiculous to give him a vote in his country's government and deny him any advance in his position in the industry that is his daily occupation. If the employers as a body fail to be the "captains of industry," the leaders, then the leadership must fall to others; and who they may be is of terrible importance. In the past the trade-union leaders have been, on the whole, a fine lot of men; at any rate, the finest have been the most influential. In the calendar of old unionists names like Burt, Bell and Fenwick are revered. We fear that the younger unionists pay little grateful reverence to such names to-day. That is a gap in their education, a blot upon the matter given them to read. The cheap Press that finds its way to them has done too little to educate them in what affects their lives daily. Yet if there were no unions, our only hope for peace in industry would lie in publicity; but we should have little optimism to-morrow, either in regard to the disinterested trust-worthiness of what might reach those readers or to their discrimination.

We cannot now recount the passage of the unions from the entirely industrial, economic and provident spheres to the political. It may have led to some advantages, but on the whole we believe it has been harmful to the unions and to the nation. It has conduced to the prominence of some leaders whose ambitions were not disinterested, some whose influence has been based on nothing more solid than the "gift of the gab." It has cut that tie which bound the unions fairly closely to the Liberal Party in politics, the love of liberty. It has led to a belief that a short cut to material prosperity can be found through Socialism, nationalization of industry, and that *étatisme* which means officialism and the negation of liberty. There are signs now that the trade unionists are becoming suspicious of too fluent rhetoric, and perhaps they make deductions unexpected by the orator. He tells them that they are miserable, down-trodden creatures who have allowed themselves and their families to sink into a disgraceful state of living. The older men know that they have won infinitely better conditions than those of their youth, and attribute this to various causes, but not to the modern Labour leader. The younger ones who have listened to the present leaders as demi-gods are beginning to retort in their haste, "And you are doing nothing to improve things."

Prophecy is not our *rôle*, but the intense importance to-day of the leadership of Labour compels us to consider whether a change is imminent. There are signs of a crisis, and the most visible outward sign is the "Miners' Industrial (non-political) Union." We watched the formation of an independent union towards the end of the coal stoppage by Mr. Spencer and others in Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire. We felt sympathy with it, as likely to hasten the end of the stoppage; as likely to be a wholesome check upon the despotism that no man and no body should wield in this country, but which seemed to be in the grasp of the Miners' Federation and its politically-minded officers. We expected to learn that the new union contained some of the best men, lovers of liberty, independent thinkers, strong anti-Socialists, and so on. It was likely also to be hindered by the adhesion of men of the other extreme, devoid even of that generous instinct which sometimes palliates stupidity, a blind loyalty to one's fellows, right or wrong. Could such a movement prevail when it threatened those who seemed to have a monopoly of power? At present we can only say that it does seem to be making progress. It has the practical support of a very clear-sighted critic from outside, Mr. Havelock Wilson, an experienced trade-union leader if ever there was one. He has persuaded his Seamen's Union to "help the miners" by lending funds to the non-political union. And where in Labour politics can we look for sharper wits than those of Mr. Hodges, who is supporting it? There is especial hope in his adhesion because he is the Labour leader of all others who sees, apart from Labour politics, that change is inevitable in the industry, that the old production and use of raw coal are not going to be the same satisfying foundation of British prosperity, though coal may remain the chief basis on which will depend the production and use of electricity and the chemical exploitation of coal. This new union has now set up its branches by the score in the coalfields, and cannot be ignored.

The difficulties before the leaders are great, and we foresee the greatest in working with the so-called "owners." In the South Wales field, for example, bitterness between "owners" and "workers" has been acute. Will the owners meet this union in a frank and generous way, or are the old habits and suspicions too strong? Where owners and the union do make amicable progress, there will have to be met the accusations of

those in whom hostility has become a second nature, that the union is betraying its men to the owners. Yet we see no hope for the country and its vital industries unless the employers and employed, whether in this new miners' union or elsewhere, work together. In this coal industry raw coal has ceased to be the finished product for a profitable market, and those who have controlled the industry must recognize that the wage-earners are now an educated body of men who will fairly demand to be taken into confidence in the technical and economic transition of their industry. The hand-workers must realize that the brain-work and the capital of others are essential to their own livelihood. Both sides must put into practice the lesson that they cannot, surely, have failed to learn now, even if they were blind to it before, that lack of good will spells ruin for all. If the new union can help in these ways, we wish it nothing but success.

The Chinese Turmoil

REVOLUTIONS have a way of devouring their children, but never so quickly as in China. The Western public has barely had time to familiarize itself with the name of a seemingly powerful Chinese general or politician when he is overthrown or retires from the scene. In the past few days we have heard of the disappearance of Mr. Eugene Chen, who, as Foreign Minister of the Southern Government at Hankow, used to menace the Powers in the name of China. The Russian military adviser, General Galen, who is credited with the victories of the South over the North, is said, rather doubtfully, to have followed Borodin, who went to Mongolia. Now General Chiang Kai-shek, who commanded the Southern armies and who set up his own government at Nanking and occupied the native city of Shanghai, has suddenly resigned and left for some safe retreat. To the European reader, knowing nothing of the complexities of Chinese politics, it had looked as if Chiang might long remain as War-lord of Southern China, if indeed he did not occupy Peking itself, as seemed very likely six weeks ago. Yet Chiang, in the twinkling of an eye, has lost his power, following upon heavy defeats in Shantung, and he now counts for no more than Wu Pei-fu and many other extinct volcanoes of the civil war. Chang Tso-lin, the War-lord of Manchuria, still retains his position in the North, but this apparent exception to the rule must have an explanation in the shape of foreign support. Japan is too directly interested in the security of Manchuria to let Chinese vacillation and treachery have free play there. Moreover, Manchuria is distinct from China and subject to special treaties which enable Japan to exercise some control. Elsewhere the turmoil increases daily. Vast natural forces have been unloosed since the dynasty fell sixteen years ago, and no man or group of men now seems able to guide or check them for more than a few weeks or months. It took a Napoleon to restore peace to a France with thirty million people. A greater than Napoleon is needed to control a China with four hundred millions.

It is not very profitable for us in the West to speculate upon what the next shaking of the Chinese kaleidoscope may bring into view. But we may safely assume that provincial jealousies play a very large part in the incessant changes that are reported. Even before the Empire fell it was apparent that the provincial governors were becoming more independent of Peking and more reluctant to contribute to the Imperial Treasury. In the long years of war under a nominal and shadowy Republic, the governors, who are now military chiefs or Tuchuns, have developed into virtually autonomous potentates, like Feng in Shensi, and the "model" Yen of Shansi, who play for their own hands. The Southern armies, in their advance from Canton northward to the Yangtse, apparently submerged the autonomy of the provinces which they overran, but, when the military locust-swarm had passed, the provincial authorities resumed their old sway. It is said that Chiang's fall is largely due to the jealousy of his subordinate generals from Kwang-si, who disliked him because he came from Ningpo in Che-kiang. The province, it would seem, counts for far more than the nation to the average Chinese, whatever Chinese propagandists may say when they write in Western newspapers.

Again, it is perfectly clear that the Chinese generals commanding armies in this interminable civil war are mainly concerned to amass wealth, so that they may pay their troops, bribe opponents into submission, and keep a reasonable percentage for themselves. They are doing on a large scale what the Condottieri did on a small scale in mediaeval Italy under Sir John Hawkwood and other noted leaders. When they fail to raise contributions from the banks and the merchants, they find their troops deserting to the other side, for the Chinaman, high or low, regards war from a business standpoint. Now the wealthiest part of China is the Yangtse valley, and all foreign trade to and from the Yangtse passes through Shanghai. Therefore it must be the first object of any rising star in the Chinese military firmament to secure Shanghai—the native city, that is—and make as much profit out of it as he can. Chiang Kai-shek must have amassed millions in this way during the last few months, as his Nanking Government, in complete disregard of all treaties and agreements, has been raising the tariffs and the shipping duties and levying tribute in various ways on the mercantile community, native and foreign. His successors will doubtless try to do the same, and the magnitude of the prize will tempt many to seek it. We may infer, then, that the Yangtse trade, perhaps for years to come, will be sorely hampered by constant interference from Chinese war-lords, until Chinese public opinion somehow restrains them.

The outlook for China and for Western trade with China is distinctly unfavourable. But there is nothing that the Powers can do, save to maintain a strict neutrality as between Chinese factions and to watch for the opportunity of negotiating with any government that really represents China or the greater part of China. It is fair to say that foreign residents in Northern China have hitherto been free from molestation, whereas many foreigners have been murdered, violently assaulted or robbed in the districts controlled by the Southern armies; and there has been no redress for the victims. Yet it would be folly to take sides in the civil war and to assume that, if Chang Tso-lin could conquer the South, he would establish a better or more friendly Government than the Kuomingtang party would do if it were to overrun the North and establish its Government at Peking. All that the Powers want is to see order restored in China so that trade can be resumed and foreigners can go about their business in peace. When the time arrives, Great Britain will assuredly be ready to negotiate for a revision of the treaties made under the late Empire. But, as China is in a state of chaos, there is no central authority to negotiate with, and the treaty question must wait.

Where the British Hotel is Wanting

SOME time ago Mr. A. M. Samuel in his capacity as Minister expressed a desire to help in making England attractive to tourists. By tourists, he plainly meant Americans and other non-Europeans: for the rest of the world an English tour is out of the question by reason of the exchange. Ask any French student of English literature or English institutions (there are plenty of them, and charming people) how it feels to come over and pay English prices out of a French currency. But for this, certainly there would be many visitors from France and probably also from Italy, for the War period stimulated international curiosity. It is not simply the exchange that takes so many British to France nowadays. Yet, in practice, Mr. Samuel was right on the whole to address his mind to the Americans. He thinks that something could be done by taking on loan from the British Museum (and probably also from the National Gallery) some of the things which they have not room to display and making them available for provincial museums.

Now, in the abstract this proposal commands sympathy. These treasures should be used for the purposes of education, cultivating the eyes of such persons as have eyes that will profit. But as an attraction for tourists, the project makes one laugh. It is true, as Mr. Samuel observes, that we do frequently visit museums on the Continent, but only the famous museums. On a wet day one is tempted sometimes to explore the minor collections which the French Government subsidizes by loans, exactly as Mr. Samuel proposes, and the results are very disappointing. Here and there a local collection of local furniture, needlework, ironwork, or the like has a real interest, and such things could be formed in England more often than they are. What is wanted here really is the intervention of a Society to proclaim the existence of what does exist, and, secondly, intelligent local handbooks. Peterborough, for instance, has its cathedral, and it has a most interesting museum, but I could not find that there was any guide to Peterborough, nor do I know of any agency which should direct tourists thither, or consider what other places should be combined with it in a visitation. But above all I do not know where in Peterborough a visitor should find entertainment and a welcome. He can eat there, and sleep there, no doubt, and I have recollection of eating at a moderate price, which is always something. But how many French hotels or restaurants live in grateful memory—and how few English ones! What is lacking is the personal touch. An hotel ought to convey the sense that it is trying to be agreeable to you.

Such cases occur in England. Friends of mine who had lived overseas were motoring through the South and drew up at a little inn. The landlord came out, greeted them friendlily, pointed out what he could offer, made good his word in the matter of food, and the result was that they stayed four days with him and went away with a tenderness for Watchet. Nobody wants an English inn to be like a French one; but it should have its individual character. It has stayed in my mind for a quarter of a century that when I went to the 'White Hart' at Salisbury I was given venison pasty for dinner. That had character and had congruity with the old cathedral town. The 'Raven' at Shrewsbury left an impression of an old house which valued its antiquity, and made the most of it, for the gratification of its guests. On the other hand, at Stourbridge I was once in a very old house, but comfortless, and nobody in it seemed to care whether it was new or old. Nor have I ever seen anywhere in England the deliberate and skilful exploitation of antiquity which is frequent in France. Take, for instance, the inn at Tôtes, half-way between Dieppe and Rouen; its kitchen is as full of antiquities as a small museum, but the objects look live things; they have the air of use. Where in England would you find an hotel-keeper who would spend that labour on keeping huge surfaces of brass and copper burnished and glorious? And yet the outlay of labour is worth probably hundreds a year, for whoever has been once in that kitchen is likely to go back there (as I have done); and though it is not a welcoming place, plain food is given you in absolute perfection.

In that particular hotel the individual character was given by a special arrangement of marinaded herrings, their only *hors d'oeuvre;* and though these could be made just as easily in England (given as much care), the dish would not be in the same way characteristic. But we all know exactly what an English provincial hotel should and could give its guests—the ordinary fare of a common-room either at Oxford or Cambridge. In these institutions there is always a sufficient supply of intelligent persons who give intelligent study to food, and insist (for instance) that plain vegetables shall be properly cooked. That is the difference between the average English hotel and the average English domestic service. You have the same good but unimaginative meat dishes; and you have the same dull vegetables, much worse served. If a Frenchman goes to eat at an hotel, he expects to eat better, not worse, than in a private house. And the same is true of a German.

Further, in private English households it is, on the whole, usual to find an electric switch by the bed; it is almost universal in French hotels, which recognize that a guest may want to read before sleeping. English hotels realize this too, and settle it by putting the switch well out of his way, so that you pay for your vice by a chilly excursion. As for the other appliances, even in cheap Continental hotels to-day it is common to find hot and cold water taps in your bedroom; but very rare in England.

Nobody is going to come to a country because it has hot and cold water laid on; but the presence or lack of such amenities has a perceptible effect. The essential, however, is that kind of provision which suggests a desire to please. Even if hot bread disagrees with you, is it not pleasant to be offered it at breakfast or afternoon tea? This luxury is fairly common in Irish and Scottish hotels; England despises it. Yet few things are more likely to please the desired American. The one thing in which English hotels outdo creation is the breakfast of three or four courses. Evidently it is valued, especially in the northern towns, and for those who like it it is sometimes very good indeed. How it affects the American I cannot say, but the Continental European would have no stomach for it.

As to watering-places, somehow the time when Tunbridge Wells was a social centre seems irretrievable. England has lost that art, or only rediscovers it in the occupied areas, such as Dinard, Biarritz or the Riviera. More golf-courses, more lawn tennis courts, and better, seems to be the only prescription.

But the real trouble has, I think, escaped Mr. Samuel, and it is past remedy. Most of us when we look for a

holiday or a change want to get somewhere where people are not too thick on the ground. France or Ireland or even Wales offers an easy escape to the thinly populated. Yet in the wildest parts of Ireland there is nothing quite so lonely as the Waste of Cumberland; and lonely as it is, enchanting ghosts people it, from the Romans and their Wall to Guy Mannering and Dandie Dinmont and Meg Merrilies. And up there in a little village on the one road I came on an inn which will never leave my memory—so clean it was, so kindly in a harsh way, so strong in individuality. Perhaps, however, nothing was more characteristic than this, that it did not want to be bothered with guests, and turned away a whole car load of motorists, while we stood there, beseeching not to be turned away also.

The truth is that the English make bad hotel-keepers, and a whole army of them, honest enough but surly, stand at the gate of all the lovely old towns, so rich in beautiful buildings, so rich in historic memories; and they drive custom away. And behind them is the array of proprietors, rather jealous of their demesnes, and closing up every water against the stray angler. If one thinks of the most exquisite places—Romsey, perhaps—in the county which seems the very quintessence of English beauty and the very choir of English bird song, how are you going to do anything there but just look over the abbey and pass? There is indeed the New Forest—but what is that but a little oasis of open in a sea of enclosures? Everywhere else, enclosures are the exception. Tourists and well-established private property on the large scale assort ill together.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

"Adopt, Adapt, and Improve"

III.—HIGH WAGES AND LOW PRICES, OR——?

I HAVE shown why I believe that no great expansion of British oversea trade is to be expected in the future. Salvation—economic prosperity and the absorption of our unemployed into productive activity—lies in increasing the consuming power of the home market to more than counterbalance contraction in the volume of overseas trade.

Any expansion of the home market implies a sensible expansion of the consuming power of the working classes, which can be brought about only by a deliberate policy of high wages and low prices.

Capital to-day gets no more than a conventionally adequate return. That return is somewhat larger in some instances than it might be because of the risk of loss as a result of industrial fluctuations. Such risks can and should be reduced by more efficient management. A saving might be thus effected on the return enjoyed by capital.

As I hinted in my first article, present conditions are largely due to the inability of the older generation of business men—who, it must be remembered, are still in virtual control of trade and industry—to bring their ideas and action into alignment with reality, or, as I prefer to call it, the new normal. Present economic depression and industrial unrest are primarily due to the preventable failure of management to perform its function efficiently. To speak bluntly, management of the pre-War type is incapable of doing its job under the new conditions. It fails to realise that business is a matter of national well-being, and only secondarily a matter of private profit-making and taking.

The days of comfortable *laissez faire*, as popularly conceived amongst the business community, are dead and gone with the completion of that transformation of the world which was initiated by the Industrial Revolution. I feel that the socialization of industry would be a retrograde and definitely harmful step. That new normal lies somewhere between the old unrestricted competition, amongst predatory individuals, and State ownership. Innumerable small industrial or trade units result in the wasteful duplication of overheads and management costs. There is an ideal size for the unit in each industry where overheads are reduced to a minimum consistent with absolute efficiency. That size lies somewhere between the present unit and the State. A new type of management is required. It should be concerned, once it has paid a conventionally adequate return on capital, only with producing at the lowest possible price and paying the highest possible wages.

One of the greatest defects of management to-day is its inability to forecast the future, thus inducing and accentuating industrial fluctuations. Only those who have laboured at the task of trade organization can appreciate how seriously jealousy between individual firms operates to prevent the gathering of the information upon which an accurate forecast of the future might be based. If each trade or industry possessed an organization, strongly supported by enlightened management, industrial fluctuations would be largely eliminated. What is required is accurate statistics showing stocks in hand, orders on the books, and so on—information which would strangle over-production, the root cause of slumps, at its birth instead of at the point where the whole situation is hopelessly compromised. Further, the statistics of each trade need to be collated by the Board of Trade so that a complete view of the nation's trade and industry may be obtained.

While methods of efficient production need careful and unceasing study with a view to economy, larger and more immediate savings are to be effected in distribution. Manufacturers all the world over have in fact gone distribution mad. While in the last fifty years costs of production have been actually reduced, distribution costs have increased over 300 per cent. I am not concerned with the cost of physical distribution, the cost of transferring the product from where it is made to where it is sold, but with the selling costs, the cost of persuading the consumer to buy the product and the retailers to stock it.

In the old days the retailer was the representative of the consumer. He exercised his knowledge to buy to the best advantage on behalf of his customers. The consumer went to his retailer and took his advice on the product he wished to buy. To-day all that is altered. The consumer tends to ask for a proprietary article, which has been obtruded upon his notice by all the subtle methods at the beck of the modern propagandist. The manufacturer, in other words, not only employs a staff of travellers to visit retailers and wholesalers; he spends even more on advertising to the consumer to get him to demand what the manufacturer produces. That ugly word "stockist" is indeed a true descriptive appellation of the modern retailer.

Advertising men argue that such methods reduce the price of the product to the consumer. Nothing could be further from the truth. They have added very considerably to the price which the consumer has to pay, when compared with prices ruling under the older method. They have unnecessarily duplicated, even triplicated, the machinery of distribution. The consumer must be educated to demand what he wants by a standard of quality and not by a proprietary name. For him to do so will be an important, if little realized, step

in the direction of high wages and low prices. Indeed, it is true to say that the large departmental stores are almost the only representatives of the old type of retailer, buying on behalf of their customers. They concentrate on the sale of articles selected because of their outstanding quality and competitive price, and not because they are well advertised to the consumer.

In conclusion, I would stress my belief that the solution of our economic difficulties in this country is to be brought about only by a policy of high wages and low prices. The success of such a policy depends on the advent of a new type of management, more scientific than the old and concentrating on the ideal size of the industrial unit and the elimination of unnecessary distribution charges.

T. Ernest Jackson.

Building Western Canada

THE farmers of Western Canada have lately embarked upon an enterprise which will do much not only to brighten their economic prospects but also to improve their social welfare. In district after district they are making arrangements which will enable them to exchange information bearing on all their problems. The novel idea is "catching on" all the more easily because in a new country where there is plenty of space people naturally draw close to each other, and this tendency creates neighbourliness and the social and co-operative spirit in the economic life. They need no persuading; the idea of mutual aid has only to be suggested and its realization is simply a matter of time.

The new development marks the passing of Canada's period of childhood, the period in which nothing was standardized, everything was experimental, and each man blazed a trail into a future which was unknown. Now things are taking shape, form is coming out of chaos, and measurements and comparisons, achievements and failures can be discussed and taken to heart. A "balanced" system of farming, *i.e.*, what is known in England as "mixed," is being generally adopted, but still reserves in particular districts the special types that have been found by experience to be most successful. The change is more and more consciously directed, and the establishment of Committees which is now taking place in district after district is highly significant of this conscious direction.

The idea of District Building Committees, as they are called, meaning Committees devoted to building up a flourishing countryside, arose naturally out of the needs of the farmers in my area. From consulting one another in twos and threes, we advanced to the idea of a regular meeting of all the farmers in the district. The idea grew until we conceived a local organ of information and help on all matters both economic and social. Its members include representatives of all the organized groups of the district, such as the United Farmers, the Women's Institutes, the Agricultural Societies, Chambers of Commerce, local banks, Boys' and Girls' Clubs, and so on. At meetings of such a Committee lectures are given by various members on this or that aspect of their work. Particularly valuable are the addresses by the most successful farmers of the district giving detailed accounts of the reasons for their success. These are listened to with far greater attention and profit than would be a similar address by a theorist. Farming must be profitable as well as scientific, and who could explain this better than the farmer who combines success in both directions?

In other respects, the District Building Committee may be compared with the Rural Community Councils which are beginning to be set up in certain counties in England. It attempts, like them, to organize the social life of the widely scattered inhabitants in Canadian districts. Among other things, it gives a survey of the district in a compact form, its population, its water supply, transport facilities, medical and veterinary services, schools, churches, stores and clubs, everything, in fact, which makes a community life more and more possible in the sparsely settled regions of Western Canada.

One of the results of this development will prove to be a great boon to the prospective settler. It is an amazing fact that so many immigrants come to Canada without in the least knowing what and where they are going to. An impulse based on the most vague and shadowy knowledge is enough to send them plunging into the vastness of this great continent. Quite simply they are "going to try Canada"—as if Canada was just a little county with one particular climate and soil.

We farmers wonder why in these circumstances the failures have not been more than they have been. When the District Committees have completed their work, these plunges in the dark will no longer be excusable. The settler before going out will be able to make up his mind what district is most likely to suit him and where he and his wife are likely to find congenial neighbours. They can even write beforehand and make quite sure by personal inquiry what the conditions, both social and economic, really are.

One thing they will learn, that the three qualities needful for success, land-sense, vision and initiative, are not confined to any class or trade, race or nation. A land-sense is that love of everything appertaining to the land which compensates for the loss of urban amenities; vision sees through the task of the moment to the opportunity that lies beyond, and initiative grasps the opportunity and uses it. With these three qualities, and the help of his neighbours, no settler who has given sufficient thought to the choice of location need be afraid of failure.

Victoria Williams.

In Defence of Plagiarism

"OF making many books," said a wise man, nearly thirty centuries ago, "there is no end," and no one whose life is lived in the modern deluge of best-sellers can reasonably dispute the truth of this saying. But how are we to reconcile with it the same writer's still more famous dictum, "There is no new thing under the sun"?

Originality, at all costs, and for its own sake, seems to be the final aim of a considerable school of modern writers, and some of them, who happen to be men or women of parts, have produced much that is well worth reading, in spite of their obsession. In spite of it; for to be strictly original a man must, logically, strip himself of all that past ages have taught him, and revert to the primitive state of naked savagery. Indeed it is difficult to see how anything more advanced than primordial protoplasm can be free entirely from all taint of the hackneyed, and in that stage of existence scope for originality must, it seems, be rather circumscribed. Of course we all borrow, consciously or unconsciously, from those around us, or from those who have gone before.

"The man who plants cabbages imitates too."

How many of the greatest literary masterpieces are truly original, in the narrow sense of that ill-treated word? "Read Tasso, and you think of Virgil: read

Virgil, and you think of Homer. . . . The *Paradise Lost* had never existed, but for these precursors." The great creative artists in literature have been (from one point of view) the greatest plagiarists, and it is this disconcerting habit of theirs which raises the question of plagiarism from the dull level of commercial law to the loftier, if vaguer, sphere of literary ethics.

"Original power is usually accompanied with assimilating power," says Emerson. But between the legitimate and inevitable use of what belongs to the common stock of our humanity, or of our generation, and the deliberate "conveying" of other men's work to fill up the gaps in, or even to provide the foundations and walls of, our own, lies a broad area of debatable ground. "Some critics," says Sir Walter Scott, "conceive they detect a plagiarist whenever they see a resemblance in the general subject of a work to one which has been before treated by an inferior artist." According to this standard, Shakespeare must be reckoned no higher than the picker of other men's brains which Greene's lampoon makes him out to be. But we, no less than Greene's contemporaries (who seem, on the whole, to have taken so prodigiously little notice of his outburst), know better. Shakespeare borrowed, plundered indeed, where it seemed good to him, with a royal contempt for the plagiary-hunters; but what he borrowed he made indisputably his own. "Such kind of borrowing as this," says Milton, "if it be not bettered by the borrower, among good authors is accounted plagiare." "If it be not bettered": here is the touchstone by which we may distinguish between the petty larceny of the bungling pilferer and the annexation of genius. When a man takes lines like

> "Her feet beneath her petticoat
> Like little mice stole in and out,"

and debases them into

> "Her pretty feet, like snails did creep
> A little out,"

we are indignant at the plagiarism, even though the perpetrator be Herrick. But genius does not steal; it conquers; it transmutes leaden metal into gold. Even "that slow critter," the law of patents, admits that a man has a right to that which he has improved. Indeed, one may go further than this, for it may reasonably be contended that a writer is privileged to make use of any pre-existing material, provided that he can digest it, and make it his own. "Far, indeed, am I from asserting," wrote Tennyson, "that books as well as nature are not and ought not to be suggestive to the poet."

The essence of true, culpable plagiarism is the purloining of another man's work *animo furandi*, without acknowledgment and without assimilation. It has often been proved, however, that what appears to be barefaced plagiarism is nothing more or less than coincidence. To quote Tennyson again: "It is scarcely possible for anyone to say or write anything at this late time of the world to which in the rest of the literature of the world a parallel could not be found somewhere"; and the closer the parallel the greater the improbability of its being attributable to plagiarism. The true plagiarist tries to conceal his crime; he does not leave obvious proof of his nefarious handiwork. But, if we are to believe Emerson, it is not easy for the plagiarist to escape detection. "In fact," he says, "it is as difficult to appropriate the thoughts of another as it is to invent. Always some steep transition . . . betrays the foreign interpolation."

True plagiarism is one of the meanest of crimes; it is, indeed, sheer theft, and in these days, among writers of repute, it is practically non-existent—it is not worth while. In the last century the general atmosphere of suspicion seems to have had its origin in human envy, hatred, and malice rather than in any actual prevalence of the offence. But earlier writers were not always, it appears, particularly squeamish, and in the time of Charles II. one Richsource actually established a School of Plagiarism, in which he claimed to teach how "to change or disguise all sorts of speeches . . . in such a manner that it becomes impossible even for the author himself to recognize his own work . . . so skilfully shall the whole be disguised." Richsource's prospectus seems to promise plenty of hard work for his pupils, and inclines one to agree with Emerson that "it is as difficult to appropriate the thoughts of others as it is to invent."

D. Hollis.

John and his Parrot

My old friend John lived at the bottom of the village, and grew fruit and vegetables for market in his big, rambling garden. Perhaps knowing he loved them all, plants grew well for him, and his little cottage was half-smothered in roses. Forget-me-nots and wall-flowers in spring, pinks, hollyhocks, larkspur, and a hundred old-fashioned flowers in summer, overran the banks under the old fruit trees. Nor was it only flowers that thrived under his patriarchal care.

John seemed to have a special power over all living things. His ducks and fowls followed him about like dogs. His pigeons roosted on his shoulder. Every day his two huge black long-haired cats would trot down the lane to meet him on his return home. They recognized his footstep crossing the wooden bridge by the ford, long before he came in sight. When they could do so undetected they would pack themselves into the back of the little cart, in which he carried his vegetables for sale, and accompany him on his rounds. Peggy, the chestnut pony, incredibly old, who drew the cart, could "do everything but talk," as her master said. And, indeed, she seemed able to talk to him; or he to understand her without words. He was a tall, handsome old man was John, with black hair and beard flecked with silver, and deep violet eyes. Extraordinarily tender-hearted to all helpless things, he made his cottage an ever-open shelter for the unfortunate. There was usually some orphan lamb or piglet by the fire; or some sick hedgehog or wild bird being nursed back to health in a basket on the dresser. At one time there was even a pet trout; an enormous fellow, who lived in a pool in the garden, and would come out at his master's summons to take worms from his hand.

When I knew John best he lived alone. His wife, a woman of singularly sweet character, and as fond of animals as he, had died long since; and the children were grown up and scattered. But you could never call John lonely with all his creatures for company.

One day there came to him the quaintest and most engaging of all his many pets. Going into the garden one morning, he saw a little green and blue parrot perched on the tree by the gate. It was a lovely little creature, about the size of a turtle-dove; its plumage an exquisite blending of soft colours, iridescent greens and blues, with rose-grey and lemon-yellow about the head and breast. It was evidently hungry; and when John scattered the grain for his pigeons, down came the parrot to feed with them, a brilliant jewel amongst their more Quakerish colourings. For several days the parrot came to share the pigeons' meal; until, after a while, it grew bold enough to venture into an open shed for corn, and so was secured and caged. Inquiries were made all about, but no

clue as to where it came from was ever discovered; and the parrot lived on with John for ten years or more.

This bird soon learnt to open her cage door, in spite of elaborate fastenings, and grew so sulky when she was successfully secured, that she was allowed to roam at will. Not that she ever roamed far from John's side. She soon developed a touching attachment to him. If he were at work in the garden, she would be sure to be watching him from an overhanging tree, or more often perched upon his shoulder. If he were seated in his arm-chair by the fire, she would come sidling up his arm, and nestling against him, would softly drop a seed into his ear, like some mother bird feeding her young. When he drove out in his little cart, the parrot would go too, sitting beside him, or sometimes flying over his head. She would enter the village shop and walk up and down the counter while he made his purchases.

If John's business carried him to the neighbouring town, he would endeavour to give Polly the slip, fearing that she might be lost or injured if she followed him among the traffic. One day, on going to call upon him, I met him just slipping out of the cottage and hurriedly closing the door behind him. "She'd be out after me if I weren't quick enough," he explained. At that moment I saw the muslin curtain across the window twitched aside, and Polly's indignant little feathered face pressed against the glass, watching his departure like some disappointed child.

One bitter winter John fell ill, and was in bed for some weeks. The village nurse, and neighbouring relatives, came in and out to attend to his needs, and (what was far more important in his eyes) to the needs of his pets. Polly was confined to the kitchen, and at first John was too ill to ask for her. She fretted sadly, and, in spite of the cold and rain, searched for him all over the garden. At last, through the bedroom window, she caught sight of her beloved master lying upon his bed. The window was shut, but Polly set to work to force an entrance. With her strong little beak she dislodged bit by bit the plaster round the window-frames, and might have eventually succeeded in loosening a pane if the window had not been opened in time. On being admitted she flew straight to the invalid's side, and with little cries of joy, snuggled down under the bed-clothes beside him. During the remainder of his illness she spent all her time there, against his pillow. It was difficult to tempt her from her post even to feed. When I went in to see my old friend, I would catch sight of the bird nestled against his shoulder, watching me with anxious eyes lest I meant to take her from him.

John recovered; and when Polly had him up once more in his chair by the fire, she seemed never tired of clambering all over him in an ecstasy of pride and delight. She lived on with him for many happy years, and then, one day, she went from him.

Her going thence was in a way as mysterious as her coming thither.

She had seemed in her wonted health and gay spirits, when, going into the garden one morning, her master found her lying dead upon the path, no mark of violence or injury upon her rainbow plumage, beneath the apple-tree where she had so often sat to whistle to him while he worked.

E. D.

DIRECT *subscribers who are changing their addresses are asked to notify The* SPECTATOR *Office* BEFORE MIDDAY ON *MONDAY* OF EACH WEEK. *The previous address to which the paper has been sent and receipt number should be quoted.*

Correspondence

A LETTER FROM BUDAPEST.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—So much has happened in or near Hungary during the last six months that it is difficult to know where to begin. It will perhaps be more convenient to begin like a crab and go sideways, or rather, backwards. The latest event to touch all Hungary is the death of Cardinal Archbishop Chernoch, the Prince Primus. The son of a poor Slovak, his rise to the highest position in the Hungarian Church goes to show that at least in one walk of life the peasant had as good a chance as the noble. The Archbishop of Kolaesa belongs to the noble family of Zichy, but the late Bishop Prochaska was also a Slovak of no special family, but of a blameless character who died as he lived, a poor man, noble in poverty and poor though noble. The late Prince Primus was rich but bountiful in his riches, and his death, like that of Bishop Prochaska, has called forth eulogies from all quarters. It is significant that both these ecclesiastical dignitaries should have been of Slovak origin, and it is said the Primus in his last hours expressed a wish that the fact of his origin should be made known to the outside world.

Then naturally the letter of Lord Rothermere and his subsequent communications have caused the greatest excitement all over the country. Such a thing as a newspaper magnate is unknown in Hungary, and perhaps the mere fact of a "lord" having taken upon himself to intervene on behalf of Hungary, as against her neighbours, has made an impression upon Hungarians generally which is not warranted. That the idea of a revision of the hated treaty of Trianon has "caught on" was to be expected, and already we read of the formation of a Revision League to give information on the subject to all those favourably interested. England has become very popular in all parts of the country.

Roads are being relaid in Budapest, tramlines taken up, houses building. The river steamers are crowded, trains at cheap fares running to the great Lake Balaton, where half the town is rusticating and yachting. Magnates are at their country places, while the acting Prime Minister, Dr. Vass, has been assaulted by a madman armed with a stick, happily with no evil result. Great festivities are being prepared for St. Stephen's Week, beginning on August 20th.

The Stock Exchange, though nearly dead, every now and then seems to wake up. Banks are expected to issue half-yearly balance sheets, and one of the most important has already done this. The harvest is now likely to be better than last year, both in quality and quantity. The Commercial Agreement made with Czecho-Slovakia is now in force, with the probable result that the very large adverse balance in the foreign trade will become still greater, and the Customs yield diminish. Still, the feeling of optimism does not grow less, and signs of improved business are everywhere apparent. Thus the number of unemployed has dropped to thirteen thousand, which is less than half the number in June, 1926. —I am, Sir, &c.,

YOUR BUDAPEST CORRESPONDENT.

A Lament

O LONELY house upon the regal moors!
Set where the heather flows in purple streams,
'Tis long since children played about your doors,
And cheerful firelight flashed in quickening gleams.

The Northern wind sighs through your ruined halls,
Where once the clansmen rested from the raid,
Each eve the sun upon your old skull falls,
And shrouds your grey corpse with a bloody plaid.

Do wan ghosts linger still within the rooms,
Where Highland ladies dressed their powdered hair?
Or only spiders weave their silver looms,
And gaunt rats scuttle to some crumbling lair?

WILFRED GAVIN.

Country Life

Electricity and Plants.

Some queer and interesting byways of production from the land have been explored recently by the Intelligence officers of the Ministry of Agriculture. Numbers of people in most countries have been experimenting with the effect of electricity on plants; and at last some real knowledge has been reached by English research students. It may now be taken as tolerably certain that a high-tension electrical discharge, though it may have little effect on growth, has a proved effect on flower and fruit formation. It promotes reproduction in a notable degree. Another discovered fact is that the discharge exercises most influence in the early months of the year. It is *en rapport* with the spring. Some field experiments (now temporarily given up for pot experiments) suggest that a cereal crop may yield 20 per cent. more if treated in the early months by certain electrical discharges. Of course, there are a thousand complications. The nature of the soil, the manuring, the weather may all fight with or against the electrical influence, and we are a long way yet from knowing whether electricity can be used economically; but the extension of such knowledge must mean real advance in the sequel.

* * * *

Artichokes or Lavender?

From time to time a violent plea is raised for the growing of some new farm-plant; and in the past new introductions have actually and in fact revived farming over a continent. Sugar beet—the *beta maritima*—did. The turnip and other roots did. Cobbett saw new prosperity in the acacia tree. Someone once preached the incalculable possibilities of the giant spinach. Quite recently enthusiasts have arisen to preach the vogue of the Jerusalem artichoke. It bears an immense weight of stalk, two or three tons to the acre, and the tubers have some of the advantages of the potato, at any rate for the feeding of pigs, if not people. Stock will eat the leaves. The plant had attracted many of our agricultural men of science, who made out a case for investigation by the Ministry. The investigators accepted the suggestion and confess to the reality of all this potential wealth. Nevertheless, to the disappointment of many, they condemn the plant—in a rather perfunctory and superior manner—chiefly on the ground of the difficulty of harvesting and transporting both stalks and tubers. Their views towards the extension of flax-growing for fibre are very much of the same nature. It is refreshing, in contrast with these inadequately argued condemnations, to find a constructive plea for the growing of more herbs that give essential oil, especially lavender and peppermint. It seems to me, on some curious evidence, that a remarkable revival in the use of herbs, for food, medicine, and even for smoking, is on the way. Of the value of the industry in essential oils from home-grown plants there is no question at all.

* * * *

A Shrewish Mystery.

An inquiry about an old mystery reaches me from a Yorkshire rector: "How is it that I find so many dead shrews on my garden paths, not worried or disfigured in any way, and, I may add, the owl is my nightly visitor"? First, it is generally granted that the shrews are not a favourite prey, though I happen to know that barndoor owls will devour them. But shrews, in spite of their minuteness, prey rather than are preyed on. The last dead one I found had the feathers of a greenfinch in its marauding jaws. Almost every countryman has at one time or another found dead shrews; and how rarely we find the dead of any other animal, unless it has come to a violent death! The birds when death approaches retire to some hidden place. So do nearly all the vermin; but the shrews seem to select for a death-bed the most open and frequented place they can find. No one, I think, has ever quite explained the mystery. It is possible that they are often killed in the open by cats or birds of prey, who mistake them for mice and, finding their mistake, drop the unsavoury booty. One theory is that they indulge in bouts of migration, and we find in autumn those that have fallen out of the forced marches. But singularly little is known of the life-history either of the shrew mouse or the two species of water shrew.

* * * *

Gardeners and Tar Sprays.

This year has been conspicuous for a notable advance, on the Continent as well as in England, of a rural art not mentioned by the Ministry's Intelligence—the art, or science, of spraying. Some account was given last week of the Swiss treatment of larch trees attacked by the tortrix caterpillar. Since then my attention has been drawn to some German experiments in preserving forests and vineyards by spraying from aeroplanes. Plagues of the hawk-moth, the oak-roller and other caterpillars were completely stayed by the joint aid of aeroplanes and arsenical sprays. The Americans, as described in an excellent number of *The Estate Magazine*, have for some years established such spraying as an integral part of forestry conservation. In British horticulture I have seen this year most striking examples of the value of the new tar distillate sprays—especially in one Worcestershire district, against gooseberry caterpillars and various apple aphis, especially capsid. This, of course, was not on the forestry scale, and the washes and powders were sprayed by hand. It is estimated that the aeroplane can effectively spray five acres within a minute!

* * * *

Grouse and Partridges.

It has been noticeable in recent years that the preliminary estimates of grouse, as of partridges, on particular moors and farms have been singularly inaccurate. This year the grouse have certainly exceeded expectation in a good many places; and I believe the reason of the bad prophecies is that the old habit of walking the ground before shooting begins has been given up. Of course, on partridge shoots (at any rate, where the excellent "Euston system" is practised) a keeper must know just how many nests there are; and will have a shrewd idea how the families have flourished. But in less highly artificial circumstances it is very difficult, especially when harvest is as late as this year, to make an estimate of the number of coveys. I have walked with a keeper over a wide area of good partridge land in August, and seen not a single bird; and the amateur keeper has reported to his employer that it will be scarcely worth while to shoot at all. On the First, nevertheless, the fields have proved populous. It may be, as some aver, that partridges are slowly diminishing, owing to the loss of arable land, and the increase of both vermin and poachers; but grouse are certainly growing more numerous, thanks to the more scientific treatment of the moors, especially the burning of the heather. Is there any bird that is quite so dependent on any one plant as the grouse on the ling or heather? It is like the great copper butterfly in this regard.

* * * *

I am disposed to prophesy a good partridge year in many districts. Evil though the weather has been, the rain has not been of long enough duration to drown nests, and what kills young birds is rain plus cold. More than this, insect food has been singularly plentiful, and well-fed youngsters seldom come to much harm. A few, at any rate, of the later coveys are large and look most flourishing, but will not be full grown for another two months or so.

* * * *

Our Loveliest Village?

"We are just returning to Australia, but should like to see before we go some of the most characteristic English villages. Which would you select?" Comparisons, we know, are "odorous"; but in spite of Dogberry and the rejected claimants to the honour, such a question must be considered. I would put very high in the list Bradford-on-Avon. Burford, I suppose, would appear high in most lists; and every visitor to England should see a group of villages along the valley from Hurstbourne Priors on the Test. But what a rosary one would have to finger, if one once began to count the beads that are lovely English villages!

W. Beach Thomas.

Letters to the Editor

THE SLUMS OF CHELSEA

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—May I comment on the article of "A Chelsea Householder"? I am joint owner of three cottages recently condemned in the World's End district, and I know the mysterious destination of the wealth accruing, according to your correspondent, from property like this; it goes to the repairs faithfully, I am glad to say, required by the "somewhat lethargic" Borough Council of Chelsea. Old cottages tenanted by large families (often of the lowest standards of life) always need doing up; for many years now the law has not allowed them to be cleared for thorough repairs. One cottage, however, fell vacant, and, being empty, has at moderate cost been put into perfect condition for anyone. From this fact we have learned something of the district and its potentialities probably unknown to the rapid investigations of the reporter of the *Morning Post* (who found "bronchitis along the riverside"—pity the rich inhabitants of Upper Cheyne Walk!).

From the window of the reformed cottage the back of the lower half of the World's End can be overlooked. Here is a district as quaint as its name, and I wonder that it has kept out of the guide-books and sketch books of Chelsea. It is the half-rural, half-urban London of the boroughs of a hundred years ago, as it was built for the working-man in a situation that evidently touched the fancy of the builders. The World's End Passage (for half its course a foot-way wide enough for a cart and nearly as wide as the streets of Siena) is said to be descended from a footpath: therefore it curves, and it presents a line of zigzag steep tiled roofs and curious curved chimneys, all excellently solid in masonry, with a pale autumnal tone in the brown brick that is one of the secrets of Old London. A row of beautifully curving brick walls separates the long back gardens, which in most cases are charmingly utilized by the tenants; here is a box-garden full of flowers, there creepers up over the house; sleek cats here, there, even at one time a fine white cock. I am told that the World's End is full of pigeon fanciers. Farther up, in the less favoured part of the Passage, dahlias bloom and vines bear fruit, in spite of the soots that fall heavily from the four great chimneys of Chelsea.

Why, therefore, because of the present *internal* condition of some of these cottages, demolition, clean sweeps, and huge schemes, rather than the preservation of what is there, with the comparatively low expense of repairs and reconstruction? Because "they are in the area we are dealing with"? Because of the enthusiasm for "model housing"? Why should these unfortunate poor people lose for ever their self-contained little houses, where, in spite of great poverty, they have had in the largest city in the world their gardens and their pets? My poor friends recount to me their memories of when cows were kept in Chelsea and warm milk was to be fetched from "The Vale." But even now my morning eggs are laid in Chelsea, my plumber takes pride in his giant fuchsia, my daily cook in her dog, cats, rabbits, and garden. But the water comes through her roof, and the country life of Chelsea mostly goes on in very old houses. From the point of view of Old London they are picturesque and historical, and for the poor occupants surely they offer a richness of life unknown in "workmen's flats." Is it the ideal that workingmen should always be herded in great blocks of buildings, where inevitably gardens are impossible, pets are forbidden, and gossip is all pervasive? Surely it would be possible to clear and repair some of the old cottages of London, so that the poor man's London of the past is not entirely effaced.

I enclose photographs.—I am, Sir, &c.,

ONE WHOSE 'BUS STOP IN CHELSEA IS THE WORLD'S END.

THE NEW PRAYER BOOK

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Professor Relton's letter resembles most of the arguments used in favour of the New Prayer Book. It is frankly an appeal to expediency. It makes no reference whatever to principle. It seems impossible to get our opponents to understand the real grounds of the objections which many of us Evangelicals feel to the New Book. May I once again very briefly try to indicate them?

(1) Our Reformers turned the Mass into the Communion Service. The New Book is deliberately intended to open the way by which the Communion Service may be turned back into the Mass. If it is urged that the Book is an attempt to bring the worship of the Church up to date in the meeting of modern requirements, we reply that we cannot see how a turning to mediaeval superstition can be deemed progress.

(2) Controversy has mainly settled on No. 1, but there is another important objection, and that is the way in which the new Book treats Holy Scripture. The Reformation was distinguished by its appeal to Scripture. This counter-Reformation is distinguished by its ignoring of Scripture.

(3) The apologists for the Measure seem to expect that the adoption of the New Book will bring peace into an already distracted Church. There can, however, be no peace in a Church which, as Professor Relton says, is continually endeavouring to comprehend both Protestants and Catholics within the one community. Good men on both sides are too much in earnest to admit of such easy-going tolerance. I apologize, by the way, for the use of the term "Catholic" in the sense implied in the foregoing sentence. It can be no true Catholicism, for example, which excludes John Wesley or George Whitefield or William Carey. But in a brief communication, one must use terms, not according to what they really mean, but according to the bad usage into which they may have fallen.

(4) If the New Book goes through, the Church of England will speak officially with two discordant voices. And in so doing it will have published to the world its own ineffectiveness. If the Book passes Parliament the Establishment will not be worth saving, for it will have ceased to be a witness to the truth. Professor Relton tells us that in the opinion of the Church's accredited leaders Evangelical truth is not undermined in the New Book. On this point every rank-and-file Christian is just as capable of forming a correct opinion as any of the leaders. It is surely too late in the day for the clergy to attempt to stifle thought and closure the right of private judgment by such an appeal to authority. The criticism of religious authority which is found in the pages of the New Testament is damaging to all such claims. Religion is not a matter for the expert. It is a matter for the plain man. And I hope that the sturdy common sense of the plain folks both within and outside the membership of the National Church will refuse to be coerced by these mediaeval assumptions of authority.

Those of us who oppose the New Book are fighting for truth and incidentally for liberty.—I am, Sir, &c.,

J. RUSSELL HOWDEN.

St. Peter's Vicarage, Southborough, Tunbridge Wells.

THE NEW SCHEDULE "A" ASSESSMENT

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—I crave the indulgence of your columns to expose what I think will be universally considered to constitute an act of despicable double dealing on the part of the Treasury against the ratepayers of London. It will be remembered that when the Income Tax demand notes were issued at the end of last year, the recipients were astonished and alarmed to find that they had been assessed on the *gross* value of their assessments; and *not on the amount that they actually paid in rates.* The indignation and protests immediately aroused by such an act of gross unfairness were, however, allayed by the Treasury officials giving, through the medium of the Press, the specious explanation that the taxpayer's uneasiness was quite unfounded, as the gross amount was only inserted to discover what the full assessed value of the ratepayer's property actually was.

This I have no hesitation in asserting was no less than deliberate lying. For "Londoners" *have* been assessed on the *full gross* assessments. That is to say that the Government, in order to reduce as far as possible its deficit, occasioned entirely by its own ineptitude and its astounding lack of

business capacity, decided to penalize one section of the taxpayers alone, because they lacked the backbone to act fairly and to distribute equally the burden, by raising the Income Tax to cover their own obstinate extravagance.

By thus *artificially* raising the amount of the assessment and so *artificially raising the income* of the taxpayer, they have in effect penalized the ratepayers of London in this abominable way.

In my case, most of my tenants being under the Rents Restriction Act, it works out as follows: I get back from my tenants under the increase of rent for rates clause, the sum of about £2 10s.—the actual difference between the old and the new quinquennial assessment of last year. The assessed amount of my rates is on £116. The gross amount is £174. Therefore, I receive £2 10s., and pay away (at my rate of taxation, 2s. in the £) £13 6s. In addition I pay the increased water rate (which should be recoverable, as also the increased Income Tax, from the tenant) at the rate of 6½ per cent., say another £1 3s. On my other house I am in still worse case, as I made no profit on it, for various reasons one of which I described in your columns in January; and here I am asked to pay another £16 16s. This means that an income which is only subject to 2s. in the £ has to pay more than 3s. 6d. owing to this juggling of figures! Taking advantage of this the ground landlords are putting the screw on leaseholders like myself and sending in fantastic lists of repairs, in order to squeeze the leaseholders out, and regain their property by pretending it has deteriorated. In one case I am told of, the superior landlords made £3,000 in five months by these means, out of small property in Shepherd's Bush! I have been served with a notice to do over £400 of repairs! Surely, common sense and common justice requires that if the leaseholder's rights in his property are restricted by an arbitrary law (which in my case has let my tenants let *my* property to their relations, without my consent!) the superior landlord should be equally limited in his!—I am, Sir, &c.,

EDGAR H. S. BARNES-AUSTIN.

36 *Prospect Road, Tunbridge Wells.*

STAG-HUNTING BY TELEPHONE

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Many of your readers must have seen with astonishment and indignation the report in the Press of the incident which occurred last week at the Hawkcombe Head Meet of the Devon and Somerset Stag Hounds.

It appears that a "large and beautifully antlered" stag, after having provided a thrilling chase, eluded the hunt by taking a desperate leap into the sea. Hounds and huntsmen for a time raced along the beach in the hope that their quarry would land, but as this did not happen, most of the field gave up the chase and went home. One of those who remained, however, "went to an Automobile Association telephone box on the moor and telephoned to Porlock Weir for a boat." The swimming stag was chased in the Bristol Channel. When the boat was near enough a rope was flung over its antlers and the animal hauled on board and killed. Those who "gave up the chase and went home" may have remembered the public outcry last year after a stag—in similar case—took to the sea and was caught by boatmen. The official explanation of that episode was that the boatmen acted upon their own initiative, although it was a huntsman who killed the animal on that occasion.

In spite of the indignation aroused by last year's incident, nothing clearly has been done to prevent a repetition of this outrage. The *Spectator* has championed many good causes—among others recently that of the cage bird. Could not these stag-hunters be made to understand that their methods do not add to the dignity of British sport? If they cannot see this point of view, let them consider what the foreign reader will think when, on the one hand, he hears of our protests against Riviera pigeon-shooting; of our horror of the cruelties of bull-fighting; and of our criticisms of the treatment of horses and other animals in some continental countries; and on the other hand of how we, in our own land, harry partly tame stags into the sea, and use the apparatus of our motoring organizations to summon boatmen to help us to despatch them.—I am, Sir, &c., F.Z.S.

THE NEW RUMANIA

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—The article on "The New Rumania" in your issue of July 30th refers to religious persecution directed against Unitarians and Jews. Unhappily, persecution is by no means confined to these groups. During the whole of the post-War period the Baptists in Rumania, the majority of whom are found in Transylvania, have been the victims of a policy of repression expressed in the closing of chapels, the silencing of preachers, fines, imprisonments, beatings by the police without formal charge or trial, dismissals from employment, refusal of promotion in the army, and so forth.

Within the last few days there has appeared in the *Biserica si Scoala*, an ecclesiastical paper published in Arad (where the bishop, a former official of the Ministry of Cultus, has distinguished himself as a zealous persecutor), an intimation that henceforth the children of "sectarians" are to be refused admission to the public schools, the Ministry of Education having issued an order that every child applying for entrance in September next must produce a certificate proving that his parents belong to a confession recognized by the State. Under Hungarian law the Baptists were such a confession; under Rumanian they are not. This latest action of the Ministry affects a community that in Rumania numbers well over 30,000 communicants and, when adherents and children are reckoned, well over 130,000 persons. No other country of the world treats the denomination as Rumania does. It should be added that 70 per cent. of the Baptists in the land are Rumanian in blood and speech and sympathy. The persecution is on religious, not racial, grounds.—I am, Sir, &c.,

J. H. RUSHBROOKE

(Ex-President, Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland; Secretary, Baptist World Alliance).

4 *Southampton Row, London, W.C. 1.*

GENERAL LEONARD WOOD

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—In your issue of August 13th, p. 243, bottom of second column, you remark on General Leonard Wood: "If objections had not been raised by President Wilson, which may have been personal or political, he would no doubt have commanded the American Army in France." May I suggest that inadvertently, of course, on your part, you have expressed an unkindly and unjust thought against both President Wilson and General Pershing?

It is not conceivable that a man of Woodrow Wilson's high character, or, for that matter, any man with the immense responsibility of selecting the best officer for the position, could permit his decision to be governed by anything other than the reason of fitness and full competence. General Pershing was undoubtedly chosen because he was the very best America could find. It may be entirely possible that General Leonard Wood, although an exceedingly able soldier and one who appealed to the popular mind, may have been lacking in self-restraint and obedience towards those superior to him, that is, to those in charge of the United States Government.—I am, Sir, &c., H. W. NELSON.

Ardmore, Pennsylvania.

[We did not intend the word "personal" in any sinister sense. President Wilson undoubtedly rejected General Wood. His reasons may have been political or may have been personal—that is to say, reasons which were concerned with the personality of General Wood. As a matter of fact there is on record a statement by President Wilson, the effect of which is that he mistrusted General Wood because wherever he went troubles arose. We suspect that the personal reasons weighed chiefly, and probably exclusively, with President Wilson.—ED. *Spectator.*]

DAIRY CONTROL IN NEW ZEALAND

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Letters such as that of Mr. Grimsdale Anderson, which appeared in the *Spectator* of May 7th, convey a very false idea of the scope and aims of the Dairy Control Board as constituted by the New Zealand Parliament. It is perhaps the

first instance in which a Legislature has given legal authority to what is in effect a trust or combine. By the Act a Board of twelve members was set up to control the export of butter and cheese, nine to be elected by dairy farmers, through the agency of the Co-operative Dairy Factories, two to be nominated by the Government, and one to represent the private factories and commercial interests. The Board was given absolute power to prohibit the export of butter and cheese except through itself. Private sales or contracts were to cease; and to pay salaries and expenses power was given to the Board, which it has exercised, to levy a tax on all butter and cheese exported. The proceeds of butter and cheese so exported were to be respectively pooled for defined periods and the nett proceeds divided *pro rata* among the suppliers. Here was the Communistic ideal! No one was to get ahead of his neighbour; all were to share alike! All the privately owned factories were swept into the pool and forced to abandon to the Board the agencies and trade connexions which had been built up by years of patient effort. In fact, the individual right to control the product of his own labour was taken away by this arbitrary Act.

Having gained the Communistic ideal, the Board went on to realize the capitalistic ideal of having the absolute control of a marketable article, and announced its intention of not only regulating supplies but of fixing the price the consumer must pay for his New Zealand butter and cheese. Being animated, no doubt, by the best intentions, the management of the Board and its leaders were confounded by the open opposition of the wholesale houses and consumers in England and at the grumbling of the New Zealand dairymen who found themselves heavy losers by the Board's action. Not having wit enough to discern the natural opposition which the Board's policy must arouse in the breast of the Anglo-Saxon, they have to fall back on abuse of their opponents, as Thugs, speculators, trusts, vested interests, &c., utterly failing to see that the Control Board was operating as a gigantic trust against the British public. Then the New Zealand producer grew restive when he realized that the product of his labour was being handled by an amorphous body like the Control Board—"without a body to kick or a soul to damn"; that the identity of his particular factory, in which he had taken pride, was lost in a general pool; that he had no remedy when returns were poor, nor could he change his agents or exercise any control over the output of his factory. Many factories had been in the habit of selling the season's output *ex*-factory at an over-all price for the season and making a sure market for the year. The Board put its veto on all such contracts. It appeared to the farmer as if he were taxed to maintain a well-salaried chairman and staff at a heavy expense for travelling expenses to and from England and investigating markets around the world; with disastrous results to the dairy farmer.

These considerations have brought about a strong revulsion of feeling against the Board's policy. The bucolic mind is slow to move. The farmer was doubtful and uncertain when the Board was first elected a year ago. But the disastrous results of the Board's handling in the season just ended has opened his eyes. The election of the first three members who retire by rotation took place this month. The members retiring, who supported the compulsory clauses, were overwhelmingly defeated. Compulsion is to be abandoned and trade allowed to flow into its natural channels.—I am, Sir, &c.,

J. W. MARSHALL.

Tutu Totara, Marton, N.Z.

SCHOOLBOY SPELLING

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—I have been interested in the contributions dealing with spelling. Apart from the amount of precious time and labor *utterly wasted* in endeavouring to acquire correct spelling, and the enormous amount of money squandered—Mr. Wm. Bennett, M.A., of Bridge of Allan, *estimated it costs us nine millions a year to teach it*—is it not time we employed a more fitting instrument whereby children may learn to read and write English?

To store the memory with a jumble of useless, illogic instances, when the time and effort could be employed in acquiring knowledge of an infinitely more important nature, is not commendable to us. The other phases of knowledge, history, mathematics, astronomy and science, call for the uttermost employment of the mental faculties and produce more lasting results than the harboring of numberless and senseless methods of spelling (which the most illustrious filologists condemn) can possibly beget.

From a number of experiments in Simplified Spelling the following conclusions have been reacht:—

That children learn to read fluently, write correctly, acquire a clearer enunciation and better intonation, are transfered from the fonetic to the current spelling without difficulty, acquire the ordinary spelling sooner, that the mental discipline is improved, leading to improved work in other subjects. The most pleasing effect is the increast interest children take to acquire the art of reading.

Viscount Bryce shrewdly said the question of reforming English spelling is a business, and an educational proposition. Spelling is not only a school problem, but a plague, as Dr. Angus said, that plagues us all, and a costly one as well.—I am, Sir, &c.,

H. DRUMMOND.

Rydal Mount, Hetton-le-Hole.

SAVING CHILDREN'S HEARTS

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Having read with deep interest the splendid article on "Saving Children's Hearts" which appeared in your issue of June 25th, by "Crusader," I should much like to thank him for the exceedingly kind reference made to what is being done at the new Heart Home at West Wickham by this Association. The Home is already in use, although the official opening will not take place until October, when we hope to have a new wing consisting of two open-air wards completed to accommodate fifty more children.

The total cost of the new Home will be £20,000, towards which we have raised £11,000, but unless the £9,000 still required is forthcoming during the next few weeks, fifty children will have to be denied the benefits we are endeavouring to provide for them. If any readers of the *Spectator* can assist us in any way we shall be deeply grateful.—I am, Sir, &c.,

NEWCASTLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

Invalid Children's Aid Association,
Carnegie House, 117 Piccadilly, W. 1.

MARRIAGE REFORM LEAGUE

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—I have read with great interest Sir George Fowler's letter in a recent issue, and as the valuable work of the Legal Aid Bureau of the Divorce Law Reform Union has on more than one occasion come under my notice I agree that the existence of this Bureau cannot be too widely known.

To enable a petitioner to qualify as a poor person under the Poor Persons Rules it is essential to prove that he or she is not possessed of more than £50 and that his or her income from all sources does not exceed £2 a week. It is obvious, therefore, that there must be an immense number of people seeking relief whose means are in excess of these limits, but who, at the same time, find it impossible to provide the ordinary legal charges of a divorce suit. To such persons the Bureau will be an immense boon, and it is to be hoped that its operations will soon become more generally known.—I am, Sir, &c.,

BERTRAM AYRTON,
Barrister-at-Law.

3 *Erskine Hill, N.W. 11.*

AMERICAN FESTIVALS

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Unless someone else has already pointed out the error in the answer to the second question in your American "Quiz," please let me say that Decoration Day (May 30th) falls before Independence Day (July 4th).

Furthermore, I seriously doubt if we should call Washington's birthday a "big national festival." In many States the schools and colleges remain open on this day, and business in general goes on as usual. Banks, &c., are probably the only exception, but then, those institutions are notorious for their ability to enjoy every possible holiday. It would have

been better to have included Labour Day (the first Monday in September) as a "big national festival," for business is quite closed up on that day.—I am, Sir, &c.,

E. SINCLAIR HERTELL.

159 *Radford Street, Ludlow, Yonkers, New York.*

DRAGONS

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—That we have not said farewell to the romance of the dragon is evident from a recent news paragraph. The lady in charge of the sick Kamodo dragon in the London Zoo has treated it so skilfully, that she has not only cured it of canker, but so influenced it for good, that it has now got so perfectly tame that it has been allowed to run loose in the laboratory. To give it exercise, and to interest visitors, it is to be taken out on a lead on one of the lawns on fine afternoons. What a change from the day, a few months ago, when it was photographed in the grip of several strong keepers, reluctantly submitting to the dressing of its jaw!

But this conversion, however striking, seems to be traditional with dragons. Has not M. Jules Lemaitre given us a graphic story of the tractableness of a famous Provençal monster, in one of the charming tales with which he adorns the flyleaves of old books (*En Marge des Vieux Livres*)? After quoting from the Golden Legend an account of the savage behaviour of a dragon called the Tarasque on the banks of the Rhone, between Arles and Avignon, he goes on to tell us how one day the men of the nearest town set out nobily, a certain Tartarinus at their head, fully armed, to kill the monster. St. Martha, who was at that time living in the neighbourhood, joined the dragon hunters, so as to be on the spot to attend to the wounded. Somehow she found herself separated from her friends, and face to face with the monster. Believing herself to be lost, Martha made the sign of the cross, whereupon the creature came up to her submissively. She put her girdle round its neck and led it out of the wood, and soon rejoined the hunting party. After giving us a fascinating account of these events, which recall the comments on life and character which we associate with the work of the illustrators of missals, M. Lemaitre goes on to tell us how Martha saved the dragon's life when the warriors wished to kill it. "Oh," said she, "this would not be right now that he has become harmless. You would do better to keep him in a corner of the public garden. He will be satisfied with rough rye bread and bran to eat, and you can charge admittance to travellers who want to see him, giving part of the money to the poor, and part to the church. In this way the Tarasque will amuse men and help to feed them instead of eating them." "You are quite right, *pécaire*," said the Christians of Tarascon.

Are there other instances of such taming of dragons? For instance, how did the gnochi (whose portrait also appeared in *The Times*) come to be led in triumph through the streets of Verona?—I am, Sir, &c.,

The Grange, Chew Magna, Bristol. FRANCES SHAW.

PAPWORTH

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—I write to say how grateful we are to you for "Crusader's" article about Papworth. Independent testimony of this kind is of the greatest assistance to us and we are always most willing to welcome investigation into every branch of Papworth—medical, industrial and financial.

There is only one point on which I should like to comment, and that is with regard to Professor Grancher's scheme. "Crusader" says it should be copied all over this country. The difficulty here is that parents will not part with their children; and that it is a hardship to compel a consumptive to part with his or her children. *At Papworth this separation is unnecessary*, yet all its advantages are achieved. Therefore I suggest that the Papworth scheme, rather than Professor Grancher's, should be "copied all over our country." With this I think you will agree.

We are endeavouring first of all to increase our accommodation at Papworth; and then we hope to be instrumental in creating and co-ordinating a number of other Papworths throughout England.—I am, Sir, &c.,

REYNELL WREFORD, Organising Secretary.

Papworth Village Settlement.

SHAKESPEAREAN DEFINITIONS

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—In the review of my book, *The Seven Ages of Venice*, which appeared in the *Spectator* of July 30th, your Reviewer indicates that the application of the terms "Justice Age" to the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is a wresting of Venetian history, because all Venetians at that period were not Justices.

Now, Shakespeare uses the word "Justice" as typical of human life for the period of, say, from forty-five to sixty years of age, though not one man in a hundred ever is a Justice during that or any period of his life. Also Shakespeare's middle-aged man has a beard of formal cut, yet few men of our degenerate age have any beards at all, and do the members of the New Health Society look upon William Shakespeare with a cold disapproval because his typical man has a "fair round belly with good capon lin'd"? Shakespeare's generalizations are none the less true, although each and every one of his descriptive epithets cannot in strict accuracy be applied to ninety-nine per cent. of mankind to-day. So with Venice, there was fighting and trading, art and architecture, during the period in question, yet I submit that these are the centuries of Venetian history analogous to the period of human life described by Shakespeare as the Justice Age.—I am, Sir, &c.,

C. MARSHALL SMITH.

The Dulaig, Grantown-on-Spey.

A NEW HUDSON MEMORIAL

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Adjoining the Brent Valley Golf Links, in the Borough of Ealing, is an estate of seven acres, the greater part of the grounds of which have, from being left almost entirely untouched for fifteen years or more, become a recognized haunt of birds, and many species are known to have nested there. These include the Blackcap, the Garden and Willow Warblers, the Whitethroat, and the Moorhen. Wildfowl come to the lake which is formed by the perennial spring and the Goldfinch and Green Woodpecker are often to be seen.

The Selborne Society has long wished to protect the ground in question, and at last there is an opportunity of acquiring it. It has been suggested that it would make a fitting memorial to the late W. H. Hudson, who helped the Selborne Society to establish the Brent Bird Sanctuary at Perivale higher up the river, which twenty-five years ago set an example that has been widely followed, of preserving for urban districts the interesting birds of the country-side.

It will not be necessary for the Selborne Society to take over the mansion, but if funds allow, as this has been fitted up as a hospital by the Government, two good things might be done at once, for it could most appropriately be placed at the disposal of some charitable organization, or it could be used as the beginning of a Folk Museum which ought to be inaugurated in this country before it is too late.

The property was advertised as for sale by auction in building plots a few days ago, but some members of the Selborne Society have for the moment saved it from this fate. Donations can therefore now be invited towards its purchase and maintenance, which should be sent to the Treasurer, Sir John Otter, at the Hermitage, Hanwell, W. 7.—I am, Sir, &c.,

MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU, President.
AVEBURY, Vice-President.
J. L. OTTER, Treasurer.

The Hermitage, Hanwell, W. 7.

SPITTELER THE SWISS SAGE

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—It is needless to say that I very much appreciate Mr. Church's admirably written notes on Spitteler. Surely this article will do much towards inducing English readers to make the acquaintance of that great poet.

Mr. Church, quoting a sentence from my Introduction, inadvertently ascribes it to M. Romain Rolland. Of course, I should be glad if this error of actual fact could be rectified in the next number of the *Spectator*.—I am, Sir, &c.,

JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

Blechingley Rectory, Redhill, Surrey.

THE FEAT OF A RED SQUIRREL

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—For several summers I rented a cottage on the shore of Lake Rosseau in Canada. My dining-table was set on the verandah and I had many welcome guests from the near-by sugar-maples and hemlocks. One, a red squirrel, learned to know that the slice of bread by my plate was his for the taking. He learned, too, to watch from his station in the trees for any food that might be left exposed by the cook, and so great were his powers to remove it from seemingly safe locations that I determined to put these powers to a test.

Accordingly, I procured a piece of cotton string about four feet long. To one end I tied a breakfast roll; the other end I fastened to the limb of an isolated sugar maple. The suspended roll hung about five feet from the ground and about two feet from the bole of the tree. I then retired to the verandah to watch the squirrel. From the ground he climbed the body of the maple until he was opposite the bread, when he stopped and reached out towards it. It was too far away. Then measuring with his eye the (for him) trifling distance he would have to spring to land on the coveted treasure, he concluded that the string was too slender a thing to which to entrust his weight. He next ascended the tree and went out on the limb to which the string was attached until he was directly over the bread, looked at it a moment, and then followed the limb to the extremity of first one branch and then another, hoping, it seemed, that the bending of the limb would bring him within reach of his object. No swaying brought him near enough. He returned along the main branch, and when just above the roll stopped. "Now, what are you going to do, Mr. Squirrel?" said I. For a moment he hesitated, and *then, seizing the string, he drew it upwards, paw over paw*, until the bread was within an inch or two of his mouth, when he gnawed the string in two, allowing the roll to fall to the ground. He then ran down the tree, seized his prize and scampered away with it.

During this same period there came daily to the grounds at lunch time, lighting just below and beyond the verandah, a flock of purple grackles. They, too, had found out that we served free lunch for all comers. It was our custom to feed them, throwing them broken pieces of bread. The squirrel was usually present on the ground to share our largesse. The blackbirds never ran immediately to the food, but, as it fell, would hesitate suspiciously for a moment before seizing and flying away with it. The squirrel in the midst of the flock would rush forward, taking advantage of their hesitation, seize the bread, and carry it to a near-by convenient crotch in a tree. Having deposited it, he would return for another piece. The blackbirds would fly to the crotch and leave it despoiled, nor could I once observe that the squirrel awoke to the uselessness of his efforts.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Virginia. JOHN DUNN.

Poetry

Font-Georges

(From the French of Théodore de Banville.)

DEAR fields, filled now with quiet,
Where Childhood once ran riot,
Where the days, in days of old,
Were all of gold!

O loved and ancient vale,
Whereto the nightingale
And crimson-throated robin
Carried their sobbing!

White Cottage, where the vine
Lifted its twisted line
To catch what tears the eaves
Wept on its leaves!

O clear cool well, in the shade
Of walnut boughs that made
So brave pretence to be
Old, yet a tree!

O fountains, whose pure rains
Were solace to my pains,
And with my voice alone
Matched their soft tone!

Pool, where the country wenches
Washed linen, and on benches
Beating it, pert and pretty,
Sang many a ditty!

And boar oak* secular,
Whose withered front the scar
Of thunder thrice had cleft
And naked left!

And sanctuary in the dome
Built by the verdurous gloom
Of poplars whose leaves sway
The wind's sweet way!

And rows of purpling vine
That border the hill-line,
And in their teeming beds
Toss winy heads!

Where, every harvest-tide,
All the wine-countryside
Circled the vats with song,
The evening long!

O valleys of sweet-briar,
With what a falling fire,
Like acorns from the oak,
Your berries broke!

Covert of wind-swept reeds
Where the frightened ring-dove breeds,
And far, like a fiery billow,
Shines one grey willow!

The cherry-laden trees,
Girl-reapers to the knees
Bare, paddling in the brook,
Yet shy of look!

Antres and scented shade
Of fountain-refreshed glade,
And shadow of rock sought out
In summer's drought!

Dear to my childhood, O rush
Of waters, O forest, O hush
Of Nature! Yet less dear
The spell you bear

Than that dark garden-close,
Sans greenery, sans rose,
Too solemn with the shade
Its yew-trees made!

And gravelled garden-ways,
Where, on the day of days,
That voice first took my ear,
Than all more dear!

Where, with her hand in mine,
Queen of love's dream divine,
Of love my love full oft
Spoke low and soft!

And now her fingers culled
A daisy, and now pulled,
Breaking, with listless art,
Its petalled heart!

What time the stars, new-woke,
Drew round them, cold, their cloak
Of light, and fringed the hours
With silver flowers!

H. W. GARROD.

* In the French it is the tree of the service-berry, in this country unfamiliar.

This Week's Books

In a witty and provocative introduction to a book of *Cartoons* (Cayme Press, 15s.) equally entitled to both adjectives, Mr. Richard Sickert most improperly (and deliberately) refuses to present the reviewer with ready-made opinions of the artist's merits. He prefers, in the raciest of English, to propound the merits of the process-block as against the copper-plate, and he succeeds in suggesting (without ever saying so) that Mr. Powys Evans is a successful pioneer of the mode of the future. He may well be right as to the decease of copper-plate, but that is a question for the etchers. The ordinary public will thank him for having so amusingly introduced to their notice eighty-eight cartoons which, like his writing, hit one nail on the head in each sentence. Mr. Evans is not a Max; that is to say, he does not dissect and exhibit the remains with a brilliant leer. Indeed, his weakness is that he is more of a portrait painter than a satirist. He is much more inclined, that is, to reveal his subjects' virtues and qualities than their vices and eccentricities. And sometimes he carries this so far that, with Mr. Churchill and Lord Parmoor, he has positively irradiated them with contemplative goodness. But, in general, he does succeed in presenting his personalities with witty understanding that indicates (as Mr. Sickert, to do him justice, suggests) that Mr. Evans will ultimately (and rightly) come down on the side of the portrait painter. And the sooner the better.

* * * *

The subscribers to the Wren Society, which exists to publish the documents and drawings that may throw light on the career of the great English architect, are to be congratulated on their fourth volume (*Hampton Court Palace*, 1689-1702). In this superb quarto, printed at the Oxford Press, Mr. Arthur T. Bolton, of the Sir John Soane Museum, and Mr. H. Duncan Hendry deal with Wren's work at Hampton Court under William III. and Mary, and show how Wren's first magnificent plans had to be cut down after the Queen's death. They give some sixty pages of the detailed accounts, incidentally referring to the quarrel between Wren and Talman the controller, which came to a head when part of the new building fell down. More important and interesting are forty-six sheets of plans and drawings preserved at the Soane Museum and at All Souls' College. The subscription to the Wren Society is only a guinea, and members certainly get their money's worth.

* * * *

In securing Mr. Martin to edit their new edition of Crashaw (£1 1s.) the Clarendon Press were happy. Mr. Martin has already made himself a reputation for his excellent work on the Silurist, and, as Mr. Sencourt reminded us in *Outflying Philosophy*, the mystical poetry of the seventeenth century is of great interest to our own day. Mr. Martin himself, however, would be the last to claim that Crashaw is as attractive a poet as Vaughan, or even Herbert. The importance of this book is for the scholar who wants an authoritative text, such as in this case meant much scholarship and labour, of an interesting versifier who was far too much of a "metaphysical" to be a mystic, and too self-conscious to be a teacher.

* * * *

"We sailed over perfumed waters plumbago coloured, that pale cool blue of the sea when no breath stirs"—and so on. There is a good deal of this rather opulent style of writing in *Islands of Queen Wilhelmina*, by Mrs. Violet Clifton (Constable, 18s.), varied with details like—"Sometimes we rode, and Talbot's feet were only three inches off the path on either side of the pony." But then there are people who like rhapsody with a decent admixture of small-beer chronicle. The plain man grows at times a little tired of the high note of ecstasy, but even he (dull fellow) will find in this volume, which chats prettily about Java, Sumatra, and Celebes, much that will interest in the way of Malayan custom and folk-lore, and especially natural history. The author, however, is in error when she credits her husband with having been the first Englishman to get a sapi-utan (*Bos anoa*); Guillemard got two as long ago as 1884. For the rest a pleasant humour spots the volume: as when Occidental discourtesy was well rebuked by a Chinese who, being addressed by a Dutch official letter as "Wang—Chinaman," sent his answer directed to "Mynheer—Dutchman."

* * * *

For the visitor who desires to make a fairly long stay in Paris, Mr. Sisley Huddleston's *In and About Paris* (Methuen, 15s.) should prove invaluable. He knows "the capital of Europe" very intimately, and offers us a delightful admixture, composed of a little history, a little architecture, and a great deal of pleasant gossip, old and new, literary and social. We feel that we are visiting palaces and picture galleries with a guide who has long loved them, and who chats to us as we go from place to place of treasures great and small, of proud kings and great painters, of the mummy which may be Cleopatra, and the lately found relic which is quite certainly "the preserved heart of Voltaire." Mr. Huddleston can direct us to all the public pleasure grounds of the city and tell us something—so far as a foreigner may—of the private amenities of Parisian domestic life—on the whole, he thinks, the pleasantest home life in the world.

* * * *

The photographs of Swiss scenery which illustrate *Rambles in High Savoy* (Longmans, 21s.) are truly beautiful. Even without the letterpress it would be worth its not very small price. Many of them were taken by M. Emile Gos, who has already given us the Alps in charming pictures, and, as Mr. Winthrop Young says in his preface, "inspired his sons with a lifelong enthusiasm for all they contained, of human character no less than scenery and adventure." M. François Gos, the present author, has followed his admirable descriptions of *Zermatt and its Valley* with this study of Higher Savoy. He writes of the mountains as a man who has not only explored their fastnesses but is at home in their villages and knows the life of the people, their legends, and their songs.

* * * *

Sir William Arbuthnot Lane's health secrets have been open for some time past. As he tells us in his preface to *Secrets of Good Health* (Heinemann, 3s. 6d.), millions of people have read in the columns of the *Daily Mail* and elsewhere his advice on the subject of how to keep well. This little book is no more than a recapitulation. The great doctor emphasizes in almost every chapter the dangers of constipation, declares his theory that it is the chief cause of cancer, suggests a dietary for its avoidance without resort to drastic aperients. Also he points out the importance of simple living, the dangers of too much meat and too much alcohol, especially in the form of cocktails. He suggests exercises for strengthening the abdominal muscles and reducing obesity in the less desirable of its three stages, which in jest he distinguishes as "the enviable, the comic, and the pitiable."

General Knowledge Competition

The prize of one guinea which the Editor offers weekly for the best thirteen General Knowledge Questions (with answers) is awarded to Mr. W. H. A. Cowell for the following:—

Old Testament Questions

1. Whose wishes were these: (*a*) "Oh that . . . mine adversary had written a book"; (*b*) "Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem"?
2. In what thanksgiving does the phrase occur, "A Syrian ready to perish was my father"?
3. Who met with a death like that of Pyrrhus, King of Epirus?
4. Of whom was said, (*a*) "A choice young man," (*b*) "he was not, for God took him"?
5. On what two occasions was the exclamation used, "The chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof"?
6. Who said, (*a*) "Here am I; send me"; (*b*) "Here am I, for thou didst call me"?
7. What is the Greek form of the name "Joshua," and the Hebrew form of "Christ"?
8. What are the last words of the Old Testament?
9. Who cut his hair once a year?
10. What great city became "a place for the spreading of nets"? Who brought it about?
11. Who found no rest for the sole of her foot?
12. Who refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer?
13. What is "the chief of the ways of God"?

Answers will be found on page 295.

Some Books on Blake

The Life of William Blake. By Mona Wilson. (Nonesuch Press. £2 5s.)
The Centenary Edition of Blake's Poetry and Prose. Edited by Geoffrey Keynes. (Nonesuch Press. 12s. 6d. net.)
The Marriage of Heaven and Hell. By William Blake. Reproduced in Facsimile, with a Note by Max Plowman. (Dent and Sons. 21s. net.)

A LITTLE boy of eight, gazing at a tree in Peckham Rye, and telling an astonished and displeased parent that it is full of angels. A small, yellow-haired apprentice of sixteen, working among the tombs in Westminster Abbey, drawing accurately and with ecstatic delight the monuments of the Plantagenet Queens, and sometimes seeing in vision processions of monks, priests and thurifers and hearing the chant of Latin psalms. A queer but promising young poet and artist, enduring with difficulty the kindly patronage of a cultured circle which included those patterns of intellectual respectability Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Barbauld and Mrs. Hannah More. A tempestuous and heterodox thinker, full of revolutionary sympathies; consorting with such advanced spirits as Mary Wollstonecraft and Tom Paine, feeding his soul on Boehme and Swedenborg, denouncing churches, laws, and conventional morals, and wearing a cap of liberty on his aureole of golden hair. An ecstatic poet, rising night after night under the fury of his inspiration to express in poems and sketches the overwhelming intuitions by which he was possessed. An industrious craftsman obediently executing a patron's design for Cowper's Tomb: "A device of the Bible *upright* supporting 'The Task' with a laurel wreath and *Palms* . . . neatly copied by our kind Blake." An "eccentric little artist," strangely encountered in 1820 at one of Lady Caroline Lamb's dinner parties; whose shabby and undistinguished appearance caused the lip of the magnificent Sir Thomas Lawrence to "curl with a sneer," but who seemed to his partner "full of beautiful imaginations and genius," though careworn and subdued. An old man dying in a poverty-stricken room in Fountain Court, and "singing of the things he saw in heaven."

These are moments in the outward life of William Blake. Place beside them his literary achievement: the youthful *Poetical Sketches*; then the exquisite *Songs of Innocence and Experience*, and the revolutionary *Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, produced in his thirties; then the strange, dark power of the Prophetic Books. Beside all this, the multitude of paintings and designs in which he struggled to express other aspects of his vision—the sublime Creation of Adam, the dreadful Lazar House, the deep and tender feeling of the series inspired by the life of Christ, the mature wisdom of the *Illustrations to Job*. Finally, consider those rare sayings which disclose his inner history and hint at the secret adventures of his soul:—

"I am not ashamed, afraid, or averse to tell you what Ought to be Told: That I am under the direction of Messengers from Heaven, Daily and Nightly; but the nature of such things is not as some suppose without trouble or care. Temptations are on the right hand and left; behind, the sea of time and space roars and follows swiftly; he who keeps not right onward is lost, and if our footsteps slide in clay, how can we do otherwise than fear and tremble? . . . I too well remember the threats I heard! 'If you, who are organized by Divine Providence for spiritual communion, Refuse and bury your Talent in the Earth, even tho' you should want Natural Bread, Sorrow and Desperation pursues you through life, and after death shame and confusion to eternity.'"

Such a passage is decisive for any comprehension of Blake's career, and explains much that seems perverse and obscure in his doctrine and work. It shows that he conceived himself, under Divine inspiration, to be committed to the task of translating spiritual realities into artistic form. Such translation, such a revealing of the eternal World of Imagination in sensible terms, he believed to be the true business alike of religion and of art, which were in essence identical. "Jesus and his apostles were all artists," he said with that disconcerting simplicity which shocked the pious so much. To understand his complex genius we have to remember that in him profound and daring thought and great aesthetic sensibility were subdued to the demands of an overwhelming spiritual vocation. He suffered for years the secret conflicts of intellect and intuition peculiar to mystics of his type, and the disappointments of a prophet struggling to communicate his "four-fold vision" to an indifferent world. From the welter of impressions offered to him by the universe, he chose as most significant those which most men do not even perceive; and drew from them inferences which none of his contemporaries could understand.

Only now, indeed, are we beginning to collect and arrange the material which will make such understanding possible. Here, Blake students owe an immense debt to the labours of Mr. Geoffrey Keynes; and no memorial of the poet's centenary could be more welcome than the beautiful one-volume reprint of his standard edition of the prose and poetry, issued by the Nonesuch Press. It gives us, well printed on India paper, everything which Blake ever wrote. A re-examination of this and of such of his more significant designs as the illuminated *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* (beautifully reproduced by Messrs. Dent) or the better-known *Illustrations to Job*, suggests how far we still are from guessing the real nature of his experience and the meaning of his works. Miss Wilson's *Life*, however, which fills up the gaps in previous biographies with material that has lately come to light, and allows Blake to reveal himself in his letters, acts, and creative works, marks a substantial advance towards knowledge of the real man. She has been particularly successful in suggesting his social and intellectual background; less, perhaps, in the attempt to rationalize his visionary experience, or fit the various phases of his development into the traditional divisions of the "mystic way." One of the most individual of all the mystics, and perhaps one of the greatest interpreters of Christianity the world has seen, he was hostile to all Christian convention; and his use of its tradition is his own. He trod a lonely path, "compelled by my Genius or Angel to follow where he led"; and those who wish to learn his secrets must be content to follow in their turn.

EVELYN UNDERHILL.

An Introduction to the Study of Blake. By Max Plowman. (Dent. 4s. 6d.)

MR. MAX PLOWMAN has the greatest admiration for all Blake's works. He thinks highly of *An Island in the Moon*, and pronounces *Jerusalem* to be the best of his poems. His partisanship has paralysed his critical faculties, and in his anxiety to shelter his hero from any adverse criticism he gives him more than his due. Thus he says "he discovered childhood. He was the first to announce it." Has he forgotten Henry Vaughan, to say nothing of Vaughan's spiritual ancestors? Again, all modern art, which "employs Nature as a handmaid but scorns her as a mistress," he traces to Blake. Yet Blake's attitude to Nature was surely a return to the much older Christian standpoint.

Exaggerations of this sort—and there are others are certain to alienate some readers. This is unfortunate, for after all what really matters is that the author loves his master, and has, for this reason—for how could he help it?—brought new light to bear on a great mystic. Mr. Plowman writes admirably on innocence, instinct, experience, on which three things Blake uttered himself so entrancingly. Innocence calls up immediately the image of the child and a whole field of little lambs. Here Mr. Plowman is at home. He does not sentimentalize. He sees children as they are—their innocence, guilelessness, playfulness, and egotism. He sees, too, the sad reason why adolescence should be the grave of innocence.

"The moment when self-sufficiency fails, when God is no longer mediated by the love and care of human parents and the soul stands between two eternities uncertain to which it belongs, is the moment when Imagination waits to link the soul's life with all that is beyond itself. Henceforward there can be only two ways: the way of death which is the predatory exertion of the self after Innocence has been passed, or the way of life which is the way of Imagination."

Equally good is the chapter entitled "The Beams of Love" dealing with Blake's treatment of love and sex. His statement in *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* that the consummation of the whole creation "will come to pass by an improvement of sensual enjoyment" has frequently been misunderstood, and readers desiring to be introduced to Blake will find Mr. Max Plowman's explanation of this difficult idea enlightened by flashes of true insight.

V. G.

Doers and Dreamers

In Roman Scotland. By Jessie Mothersole. Illustrated by the Author. (Lane. 10s. 6d.)
The Road Round Ireland. By Padraic Colum. Illustrated. (Macmillan. 17s.)
The Enchanted Road. Written and illustrated by Donald Maxwell. (Methuen. 21s.)

WHAT went ye out for to see? The evidences of a dead and gone massive materialism that stamped its hard print upon an ever-rebellious land in stone-built barracks, bakeries and bathhouses, and those grim roads which hold their undeviating way over moorland, torrent and mountain-peak? Or is it your pleasure to savour the aura of a country that was once "a land of rainbows to the whole wide world"—the Ireland that of old spread culture, art and religion over its sister-isle of Britain? Or would you put on the magic cap that obscures the ugly and hustling tokens of an up-to-date civilization, soaking yourself in a glamorous mysticism that cares not at all for automobiles and aeroplanes, to realize some of that sweet brooding charm that wrapped round the pilgrim wayfarers, as they struggled out of the sloughs and thickets of the lowland up to the great highway above them which led towards Becket's shrine at Canterbury? Whatever your mood, here are three books, one or other of which will touch it.

First there reappears to us Miss Jessie Mothersole continuing her admirably executed task of explaining and picturing and lighting up the achievements of the Roman power in Britain. This time she escorts us (sometimes on the line of Dere Street, oftener away from it) into Scotland, where the evidences of Roman presence are purely military. There had to be some limit to imperial ambition, and that limit was quickly realized on closer contact with those particularly unpleasant customers, the Picts, against whom the turf and earthen vallum (stone-foundationed) between Forth and Clyde was erected, and maintained for forty years by Syrian bowmen, Thracian cavalry and light troops from Spain. Some more or less permanent camps lay for a time north of the Wall, like Inchtuthill, the most northerly of all, on the Tay, and Ardoch, the best example of a Roman earthwork in Britain, which is defended on one side of it by the Knaick Water, where the visitor, when he is tired of earthworks, can go and catch abundant trout. With Miss Mothersole's book (which surveys all the permanent forts in Scotland) in his hand or in his head, no one need miss a single page of the history of the Roman intrusion into the North.

But on the soil of Ireland on the west no Roman legionary ever set foot, and so it is perhaps that the soul of the Irish people has developed itself along its own lines, if not untrammelled, at all events little influenced by the hard practicality of a conquering race. Is it not possible that the character of the French—their steely logic and lucidity of thought and speech—results from a deep-set Roman graft into the Celtic stock? In Ireland anyhow it has been otherwise, and the pure Celt with his dreams, his poetry, his rodomontade ("Who is Aeschylus?" "Oh, he's the man who writes like John Synge"), his outward merriment and inward melancholy, his seeming impracticability, remains for us unspoiled to this day. It is to the explication of this part of the soul of Ireland (there are others) that Padraic Colum devotes his wonderful book. Passion there is in it always, injustice and callousness, too, perhaps—some English may say, but above all there is sincerity and, of course, understanding racial sympathy. If it be a reproach to England that she has never understood Ireland, *The Road Round Ireland* ought to help to a real knowledge and then to a removal of the reproach.

It is not a line or two here that is going to do justice to or shadow out the character of this book's haunting charm. Singer, story-teller, peasant, playwright, publican, townsman, countryman, come out into the fields, or sit in the house, and talk and work and play. The book presents to us "the national complex—the ideals, traditions and mentality; the sound of Gaelic poetry and Gaelic music in Irish ears"—the ears of that people for whom, as Miss Somerville once said, "the limits of the possible seem to be set farther out than for the rest of the world."

And Donald Maxwell is a Celt too, if only that he walks upon the Enchanted Road which leads everywhere and never ends. His land of Enchantment is the Weald of Kent, and through it he tramps with a seeing eye for beauty and history and that vague undefinable quality of atmosphere, and much that delights his eye is limned here for our delight with pen, brush, or burin. It is part of the pleasure of the book that we don't know whither it is going to take us—to a hoppers' Saturday night, into some of Kent's many 'Woolpack' inns reminiscent of the days when Kentish broadcloth was famed the world around, to look at a nocturne in Rochester, to feast the eye on oast-houses ruddy in the sinking sun, to Leeds Castle, most perfect example of feudal building left in Southern England. Or, if you will:—

> "There may be a village tucked under the hill,
> Or a farm in the golden lee;
> There may be a stream and a water-mill,
> Or there may be a gleam of the sea."

But travel with him, and, unless your soul is dead indeed, you will be refreshed.

The Sensitive Plant

Journal of Katherine Mansfield, 1914-1922. Edited by J. Middleton Murry. (Constable. 7s. 6d.)

HERE is a book which is beyond the art and science of a critic. It is a heart-searing document, written in heightened moments by a rare creature inspired by genius and disease to acute vision. Flash after flash the lightning scenes come from her tortured mind, in each minutae of time created whole and perfect. What an artist this woman was; conscious and sensitive in every fibre of her multiple self! It is a life-widening experience to read the small amount of writing which time allowed her to bequeath to posterity. What, then, was the privilege of those people who knew her personally, with her spacious intelligence and sleepless intuition ever armed to protect those whom she loved, and even those to whom she would, if she could, have been indifferent?

The journals here given, cover the years from 1914 to 1922, and cease with her death. She intended them, first, as notes, sketches of mood, gesture, and still life, to be worked up into "stories"; secondly, as records to assist her in retaining an historical knowledge of the growth of her own mind and character. All her life she had a passion for clarity, order and right perspective, and this passion ruled both her subjective and her objective knowledge.

It is usual to compare her with Tchehov; and indeed the likeness is obvious, for we find in both the self-protective cynicism erected round the over-sensitive nerves and the abnormal sympathies that were not yet mature enough to become compassion. Yet I feel that, had Katherine Mansfield lived, she would have developed more in the direction of Dostoevsky, because she had within her the same terrible insurrections of fear and faith, and the same insight inspired by almost hypnotic vision. Tchehov was a little too timid to harbour these spirits of storm within himself. He trained his mind to exclude them; he *must* be scientific. But the great artist must be scientific and much more.

Latter-day aesthetics lays great stress on the necessity for detachment, but I believe that there is danger of debility and indifference being mistaken for detachment. The very word implies a struggle to free oneself from an overwhelming passion aroused by the object. After the freeing of one's self there must be a reunion with that which has caused so violent a disturbance. Tennyson's lyric,

> "As through the land at eve we went,"

pictures the precise mood of artistic creativeness; for the work of art is the making up of a lovers' quarrel, the parties to which are the soul as lover and the mind as beloved, with the universe as the bone of contention.

It is the agony of this struggle which is revealed so acutely in Katherine Mansfield's *Journals*. She keeps an untiring watch over the tragic scene, picturing incidents from all parts of the field, darting here, there, and everywhere, trying to wrest truth and beauty (do these terms have any meaning now?) from crucial events and from little asides, as it were, of the battlefield.

"Honesty," she says, "is the only thing one seems to prize beyond

life, love, death, everything. It alone remaineth. O you who come after me, will you believe it? At the end, truth is the only thing worth having; it's more thrilling than love, more joyful and more passionate. It simply cannot fail. All else fails. I, at any rate, give the remainder of my life to it and it alone."

This was written when she had learned how short that remainder of life was to be.

Other people have had her sincerity, faith, and humility; but few have had the power of such economical expression, such disciplined contemplation. It is impossible to give an idea, except by copious quotation, of the vividness and simplicity with which in a few words she will set a stage and enact a little drama. Here is one example:—

"May 22nd.—The sea here is real sea. It rises and falls with a loud noise, has a long, silky roll on it as though it purred, seems sometimes to climb half up into the sky and you see the sail boats perched upon clouds—like flying cherubs.

"Hallo! here come two lovers. She has a pinched-in waist, a hat like a saucer turned upside down—he, sham panama, hat-guard, cane, etc. His arm enfolding. Walking between sea and sky. His voice floats up to me: 'Of course, occasional tinned meat does not matter, but a perpetual diet of tinned meat is bound to produce . . .'

"I am sure that the Lord loves them and that they and their seed will prosper and multiply for ever and ever. . . ."

This side of her, however, is already famous. What the *Journal* more specially exists for, is to show the crystallization of that genius out of the waters of pain and disease. The process here laid bare is too heart-rending to be a subject for criticism. We see the passage of hours and days, crashing like Juggernaut over this sensitive spirit. From place to place she fled seeking elusive ease of mind and health of body. Her domestic joys were broken up by the quest. She wanted the opportunity of a continuous *régime*. "Then I want to *work*. At what? I want so to live that I work with my hands and my feeling and my brain. I want a garden, a small house, grass, animals, books, pictures, music. And out of this, the expression of this, I want to be writing."

These things were denied her. At the age of twenty-nine, after much previous illness, she developed consumption. She never really entertained hopes of recovery, and when the last specialist told her the truth, she was steeled for the blow. She wrote that night in her diary.

"One must *submit*. Do not resist. Take it. Be overwhelmed. Accept it fully. Make it *part of life*.

"Everything in life that we really accept undergoes a change. So suffering must become Love. This is the mystery. This is what I must do. I must pass from personal love to greater love. I must give to the whole of life what I gave to one. The present agony will pass—if it doesn't kill. It won't last. Now I am like a man who has had his heart torn out—but—bear it—bear it! As in the physical world, so in the spiritual world, pain does not last for ever."

Here, indeed, was the valediction of a great spirit turning back again to the company of the immortals.

RICHARD CHURCH.

An Expert Yachtsman

Amateurs Afloat. By H. Ian MacIver. (Martin Hopkinson and Co. 12s. 6d.)

MR. MACIVER, an amateur who holds a yachtmaster's "ticket" and has always taken command of his own vessels, has deliberately or accidentally rung the changes on his choice of yachts differently from most yachtsmen. He has been to sea in vessels driven entirely by power, either motor or steam, and he has been to sea in sailing yachts which had no power, but he tells us nothing in this book of any experience of auxiliary power, which is now the stand-by of the vast majority. He has an extraordinary memory for every detail of every passage which he has undertaken, and his records will be not only interesting but useful to yachtsmen who study the handling of yachts scientifically. But let us distinguish, as Mr. Gladstone used to say. This book is technical and I do not commend it to those who have no knowledge of sailing or navigation. Mr. MacIver assumes a good deal of knowledge. Nor is it a case of the writing being good enough to seduce the inexpert. Mr. MacIver is, to be frank, a clumsy writer who labours his points, and does not recognize bathos when he sees it.

By those, however, to whom sailing is an entrancing and difficult sport, one in which the most experienced are still humble learners, Mr. MacIver's book will be read hungrily. He really knows what he is talking about. I hope that he will write next about auxiliary sailing yachts, by far the most popular type of to-day. There are a few die-hard sailing men who will not touch an engine of any kind; they are purists who hold that the internal combustion engine is the work of the devil, invented to perform the proper devil's work of tempting them away from their duty—their duty being to overcome the essential difficulties of handling a vessel under sail without artificial help. Of course there is something to be said for this policy of "thorough," and, personally, I have a good deal of sympathy with it. There is now growing up a generation of amateurs who have never regularly faced the difficulties, for instance, of getting under way with sail alone in a crowded harbour with a hard, fluky wind blowing, and a strong tide running. They switch on their engines and motor to clear water, where they set sail. But that is dodging all those difficulties which make the tongue of the purist cleave delightfully to the roof of his mouth.

On the other hand the auxiliary engine has undoubtedly come to stay because it has justified itself. The chief point is that it has given the yachtsman a vastly extended radius of action. The busy man without an engine dares not undertake a passage far from home, if he has to be back by a certain date. The wind may fail him, and he may be left at sea helpless with heavy-hanging canvas, or he may devour time uselessly in beating over a foul tide. With a motor he can carry out a programme with reasonable certainty. The motor has, in brief, made possible enterprises which could not have been thought of formerly; it is really a help, not a humiliation, to the adventurous. But it should, of course, be used judiciously, not to take the place of sail, but to be a substitute for sail when sail will not work, or time presses.

Mr. MacIver won the "Midnight Race" to the Isle of Man in 1912, and again in 1925. For the first three years of the War he served in one of the Examination Vessels at the mouth of the Mersey, boarding for inspection vessels which arrived at the Port of Liverpool. His reminiscences of this work give him the opportunity of describing again and again how he brought small boats alongside large ships when a dangerous sea was running. For this sort of description there is no one like an educated amateur, because he knows exactly what other amateurs want to to be told. In this respect the average professional master of a yacht is hopelessly inefficient. In practice he makes few mistakes, but if you ask him why he does this or that, he usually explains himself so badly that he may send you away with a false idea that will bring you into real danger if you act on it. I remember a professional skipper telling me that the only way of safety in a dangerous following sea was "to keep ahead of the seas." If that meant anything it would mean piling on sail. No doubt he had something quite different in his mind, but it never emerged.

Later, Mr. MacIver joined the Naval Air Service in Southern Italy, as officer in charge of water transport, and he ended up in a mine-sweeper in the North Sea. But for yachtsmen, the yachting part of the book is the thing. He deserves a good mark for his description of how to take a threatening sea—just when to luff and when to bear up—when sailing close-hauled. I cannot help thinking, however, that he suffered too much from a dinghy which he had to tow through a gale of wind because it was too heavy to haul on board. I wonder whether he has ever tried towing a dinghy with ropes from both sides of the yacht's counter, or whether he has ever tried towing one with a painter, not led over the bows of the boat, but made fast to an eye at the bottom of the stem. Much depends on the shape of the dinghy, but the result may be wonderfully comforting.

J. B. A.

An Old Etonian

Fewness of My Days. By Lord Braye. (Sands. 18s.)

THE same emotion has prompted Lord Braye to write of himself, he tells us, as prompts a schoolboy to carve his name upon the school wall, modestly adding that his work will have less of the quality of permanence. But though it lack this element, he argues, "the printed page may have other virtues, specially if it contain argument and propaganda in favour of a cause that is very near the writer's heart. And such a book is this." The aim is the spreading of the

Catholic Faith and there is not a chapter, hardly even a page, in which that aim is forgotten. Even when he describes so graphically and amusingly the Eton of his day the object of his task is not out of his mind.

Eton gave then to her sons—they ranged from nine years old to nineteen—one thing which she has now taken away from them—liberty. A vast amount of "free time" was left in their hands and discipline upon the whole was very lax, though some sort of rough order was maintained by flogging. The worst sufferings, however, of the little boys were inflicted by the bigger ones, a state of things which seems to have continued till Warre made sport an integral part of the college curriculum. In school hours classical knowledge alone counted for anything: "We touched our hats most deferentially to our 'tutors,' that is to say, to the purveyors of Latin and Greek instruction, but never to the mathematical masters." For this distinction Lord Braye is not without a sneaking sympathy. The arts, however, were by no means entirely neglected. We hear of sketching parties rising very early in the morning to enjoy their voluntary studies, the hungry boys often eating the bread provided as india-rubber. Divinity, we are told, was perfunctorily taught; all the same it seems to have been very much considered. Lord Braye tells of "a burning desire to find the Great Revelation," in which desire he was obviously not alone. He knew of several boys in the same state of mind and, allowing for the cult of reserve always existing among English youth, there must surely have been very many outside his small circle of intimates. He went up to Oxford resolved to pursue the quest and found there "a restricted circle of High Anglicanism," a mass of indifferentism and a small amount of old-fashioned evangelicanism. "A faint air of atheism surrounding the Balliol school of thought" could be perceived by the observant. On the whole he thinks there was "a stronger force of public morality than exists now" to be felt both inside and outside the University.

During his last term at Oxford Lord Braye was received into the Roman Church, and though he found therein what he had been so eagerly looking for, we yet gather that he has suffered all his life from a certain sense of isolation. "The nation's veiled and smile-bound contempt for our devotion" frets him—surely unduly. He is too frank a writer to seek to give the impression that the Roman Church offers sanctuary to the cowards who would run away from the puzzles of present-day existence. No serious man can altogether get away from the depression that they create. "Low spirits," he thinks, "stand for modern martyrdom." "The problem of nervous science" remains a problem for all men. "The stupendous enigma of where the accountability of the will ends and where the darkling and frowning ocean of insanity begins—this is deep and who can plumb it?" This and the whole question of obsession and possession is a torment to all who do not refuse to think. It is a courageous Catholic indeed who ventures to walk in all the mazes of tangled speculation which the Church leaves free to him.

Lord Braye makes little use of the new weapon of sympathy in dealing with the faith of those "separated Brethren" whose readherence he so ardently desires, and it is just this want of sympathy which may hinder the appeal of a book full of fine and beautiful things, outside the fences of the Catholic fold.

FOREIGN MONEY

It is foolhardy to carry large sums in foreign paper money. On the other hand, the utmost convenience and a minimum of risk in the event of theft are combined by the use of the Westminster Bank's *Circular Notes*. Issued in fixed amounts of £5 and £10, they are the size of a cheque, and are well known all over the world. Customers may obtain them quickly through any local branch

WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED
Head Office: 41 Lothbury, London, E.C 2

Fiction

Mixed Biscuits

Green Mansions. By W. H. Hudson; **The Polyglots.** By William Gerhardi; **The Sea and the Jungle.** By H. M. Tomlinson; **The Roadmender.** By Michael Fairless; **The Terror.** By Arthur Machen; **Lost Diaries.** By Maurice Baring. (Duckworth's New Readers Library. 3s. 6d. each.)

One by one the publishers—after the ordeal of publication at seven shillings and sixpence or half a guinea—re-launch their best books in cheap format. These tiny volumes are easier to make friends with than the ceremonious and expensive editions, for it is in such little reprints, literature coming down to us in its working dress, that a man may reason with its authors unashamed. We open them casually, without fear or hesitation. And there is none of that preliminary heaving or dusting called for by a folio.

We would buy Messrs. Duckworth's New Readers Library if it was ill-looking; that it happens to be skilful in its design, with a light binding, well-proportioned page and adequate paper, is an unlooked-for pleasure. This is a much better series than the old cheap one, from which some of the favourites are reissues. But even so, the New Readers Library is not yet consistently good enough. It is neither sized nor dressed by the right.

Of its first six files, H. M. Tomlinson is probably the biggest name—here indeed, as we are told often enough, is the full art of English prose—though, of course, *The Sea and the Jungle* is early Tomlinson: and so is, perhaps, a little *too* full, too generous. Upon one sunset, for instance, Mr. Tomlinson lavishes three picture-similes, in as many sentences. Properly economized and spaced out across weeks of his voyage, these would have given us three lovely sunsets, instead of one slight indigestion. Not that there should be any rule against three-storied pictures. They can be done, if the design of each shows awareness of those above or those below, so that they supplement or smile at each other's distinctions. Mr. Tomlinson's neighbour-similes, here and occasionally elsewhere in this early, splendid book, are strangers. However, here is a Tomlinson, which is to say a classic. Messrs. Duckworth begin nobly.

Then there is Hudson's *Green Mansions*. Hudson, still glorious (and either this or *The Purple Land* is his best book), begins to date a little. He wrote just before the prose revival which we owe to the self-conscious craftsmen of the 'nineties. The Elizabethans, at the bidding of their Euphuists, loaded Malory's beautiful English with relative and subsidiary and dependent clauses, which allowed Sir Thomas Browne later to chase his every sentence, and Johnson to reduce its syntactical forest to a ruled and stiffened grammatical sequence. Out of this Macaulay and the professors made their cakes.

From such stodge we have been set free by the literary equivalent of the pre-Raphaelite movement, which rediscovered for everybody the secrets of limpidity and simpleness that had been known only to the exceptional genius, the Swift or Defoe or Bunyan of the generations. If you take a jungle page of Hudson and pit it against a jungle page of Tomlinson, you will find the difference to lie more in the manner than in the matter. Hudson has conviction and better knowledge: Tomlinson more eye and a subtler feeling. Only, Tomlinson is a little hard of hearing. It takes a slammed door or the straining of a ship in the gale before he gets sound perfectly on paper, whereas Hudson had the most open ear of any prose writer.

Mr. Gerhardi has written at least two remarkable books, but he would not, I think, be at ease in a jungle. He likes his apes caged: and he squats by one corner of the cage and catches their gibberings on his phonograph and their antics in his kodak till our heads swim, and presently we think we are going as mad as are his victims. *The Polyglots* is a book to read—very modern and outspoken. Mr. Machen's *Terror* varies yet further the variety of the series. It is a formula-made mystery, by a veteran craftsman; cultured, complicated work by an author who is superior to his own terrors. It is not quite the best of Mr. Machen, for it gives him little scope for the exquisite sense of cruelty which distinguishes his ripest work. Mr. Baring's *Lost Diaries* is another forlorn quest of that inimitable unattainable idea which no doubt began before the *Dialogues of the Dead*. It disappoints. As for *The Roadmender*, here is variety with a vengeance. Leave it for those who like that sort of thing: it should not be included in this library. C. D.

HEARTSEASE COUNTRY.—By Upton Gray. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.)—That portion of the story which deals with David Heriot and his successful efforts to become a notable raiser of pedigree cattle is well worth the attention of any reader who cares for the English countryside. The episodes, however, in which the hero, James Sharrard, tries his hand at a mild edition of "The Taming of the Shrew" does not ring true and is not particularly interesting. Anne Heriot, the heroine, is really almost too foolish to be interesting. Certainly the injudicious will of that eminent physician, Sir George Sharrard, should have been enough to wreck his son's happiness for ever, and the happy ending to the story is an act of grace on the part of the author which the personages of the drama had really no right to expect.

THE HOTEL. By Elizabeth Bowen. (Constable. 7s. 6d.)—"I have often thought it would be interesting," says one of Miss Bowen's women, "if the front of any house, but of an hotel especially, could be swung open on a hinge like the front of a doll's house." That, figuratively, is what this novel does. It introduces us to English society during the winter season at a Mediterranean hotel, and shows us "all the people surprised doing appropriate things in appropriate attitudes." Several love stories, and one in particular, give continuity to the book. But its originality and charm lie in its varied and incisive portraiture, its excellent literary style, and in the mingled sympathy and irony with which the author exposes the petty ambitions and jealousies, and the occasional redeeming virtues, of her characters.

NO OTHER TIGER. By A. E. W. Mason. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)—Mr. Mason is here at his best. While working out very deftly an extremely intricate and clever plot, he gives us excellent characterization and a remarkably vivid series of glimpses into different settings and phases of life. Colonel John Strickland, wandering the earth in a vain attempt to forget his apparently hopeless passion for a famous young society beauty, visits Burma, where he buys a precious ruby for his lady and is induced to go tiger-hunting. He encounters "no other tiger," however, except a ruffianly man, "like a Greek god gone wrong," who makes a moment's mysterious appearance in the jungle. The jewel and the man are but two of many seemingly disconnected links that are forged into a chain of mystery that steadily tightens its hold upon the reader until the brilliant climax is reached. It is questionable whether Mr. Mason is to be praised more highly for his ingenuity or for his unforgettable word pictures.

HOW EVERYONE CAN LEARN A FOREIGN LANGUAGE

Pelman Institute's Remarkable Discovery.

Can you read Spanish?
No.
Do you know any German?
No.
Here are two books, one printed in Spanish, the other in German.
Yes.
Can you read them?
Of course not.
Well, try and see.

An Hour Later.

Miraculous! I can read and understand every word.

* * * * *

The above is typical of the experiences of the thousands of men and women who are learning French, Italian, Spanish, or German by the new Pelman method.

For instance, this method enables you to pick up a 48-page book, printed in a language of which you are entirely ignorant, and not containing a single English word, and to read it through without a mistake.

It sounds impossible; yet it is perfectly true, as you will see for yourself when you take the first lesson.

This new method enables you to learn French in French, German in German, Italian in Italian, and Spanish in Spanish, thus avoiding all translation from one language into another.

It enables you to *think* in the particular language you are learning.

It enables you to learn a Foreign Language without spending months in a preliminary struggle with a mass of grammatical rules and exceptions. It introduces you to the language itself straight away and you pick up the grammar almost unconsciously as you go along.

There are no vocabularies to be learnt by heart—parrot fashion. You learn the words you need by using them and so that they stay in your mind without effort.

There are no classes to attend. The new method enables you to learn a Foreign Language in your spare time, in your own home, and in from one-third to one-half the usual time.

General Sir Aylmer Haldane, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., D.S.O., writes: "The Pelman method is the best way of learning French without a teacher."

Others write in the same strain of the Pelman Courses in German, Italian and Spanish. Here are a few typical examples.

"Your system of learning German cannot be beaten."—(G.C. 112.)

"I have obtained a remunerative post in the City solely on the merits of my Italian. I was absolutely ignorant of the language before I began your Course eight months ago."—(I.F. 121.)

"I have recently returned from Spain, where I have been doing Consular work. With only the knowledge of Spanish gained from your Course I was able within a month to tackle any sort of correspondence and conversation."—(S.C. 279.)

This wonderful new method of learning languages is explained in four little books entitled respectively "How to Learn French," "How to Learn Italian," "How to Learn Spanish," and "How to Learn German."

You can have a free copy of any one of these books by writing for it to-day to the Pelman Institute (Languages Dept.), 96 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.

State which book you want, and a copy will be sent you by return, gratis and post free. Write or call to-day.

Branches: PARIS—35 Rue Boissy d'Anglas. NEW YORK—71 West 45th Street. MELBOURNE—396 Flinders Lane. DURBAN—Natal Bank Chambers. DELHI—10 Alipore Road.

[ADVT.]

Current Literature

THE PORT OF LONDON YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY. By D. J. Owen. With a Foreword by Lord Ritchie of Dundee. (Port of London Authority. 7s. 6d.)—Mr. Owen, who is the general manager of the Port of London Authority, gives a short history of the Port and a compact account of its present condition in this well-printed and finely illustrated volume. Many readers will be surprised to learn that the earliest dock, in the modern sense, was the West India Dock, begun in 1800. The seventeenth-century Howland Dock at Rotherhithe had no warehouses, but was surrounded with trees to protect it from the wind—a picturesque detail sadly lacking in our modern docks. The work done by the Port Authority and its projects for the near future are carefully described.

HISTORICAL TRIALS. By the late Sir John Macdonell. Edited by R. W. Lee. (Clarendon Press. 10s.)—Lord Shaw of Dunfermline, in a graceful and judicious preface, pays tribute to the high qualities of the late Sir John Macdonell, as a lawyer and as a man. Those who knew of Sir John Macdonell's standing in his profession will not be surprised at the breadth of view which characterizes his essays on ten famous trials. These essays, written as lectures in the Law School at University College, deal with the cases of Socrates, the Knights Templars, Jeanne d'Arc, Mary Queen of Scots, Servetus, Sir Walter Raleigh, and others, with a special discussion of trials for witchcraft. The author was concerned not so much with the details as with the general procedure, in its bearing on the history of civilization. From this point of view, even those who have made special studies of one or more of the cases will find Sir John Macdonell's dispassionate comments deserving of consideration. He closes an admirable chapter on Giordano Bruno with the reminder that where there is fear—fear of changes rather than personal apprehension—there cannot be justice.

THE PLACE-NAMES OF WORCESTERSHIRE. By A. Mawer and F. M. Stenton, in collaboration with F. T. S. Houghton. (Cambridge University Press. 20s.)—Since the late Professor Skeat showed, in his epoch-making monograph on Cambridgeshire place-names, how they should be studied with full regard both to documentary evidence and to etymological laws, the subject has developed steadily in England. And the English Place-Name Society is now concentrating the efforts of many workers in its excellent volumes, the fourth of which has now appeared. For Worcestershire the editors have been most fortunate in securing the help of a local expert, Mr. Houghton, for Worcester topography bristles with difficulties and many Worcester place-names are very obscure. The result is a most elaborate and interesting book. The names are grouped, as in the case of Buckingham, Bedford, and Huntingdon, under the old Domesday hundreds, so as to preserve the early associations of each place, but a good index makes reference easy. The editors show in their introduction how a close analysis of the older place-names confirms the historical tradition—that the district was settled comparatively late by the West Saxon tribe known as "Hwicce," and that it was afterwards overrun by Angles from Mercia, while it long remained an isolated region, out of close touch with the rest of England.

THE BUCCANEERS: A BRIEF HISTORY. By Professor A. H. Cooper-Prichard. (Palmer. 7s. 6d.)—If there is anything novel about this fresh version of the thrice-told story of the buccaneers, it is that the history of those ferocious and daring freebooters should be recounted in a style at times wooden, at times floridly gaseous, and at other times reminiscent of the improving Mr. Barlow in *Sandford and Merton*. For instance: of a specially foul-mouthed "Brother of the Coast" it is remarked that "his linguistic proficiency seemed always to have halted at expletives." There is nothing in Professor Cooper-Prichard's book (most of which is devoted to the exploits of Henry Morgan) that will take us away from Esquemeling or Dampier or Lionel Wafer, and little useful in it save its bibliography. We weep, too, to find a professor writing of "*bulbuous* insects," of "*baited* breath," "La Trinadad," and "Coupe-de-main," and wonder to hear him say that the destruction of the buccaneer city of Port Royal, Jamaica, happened in 1692, "eleven years after the sack of Panama," which befell in 1671.

THE SMOKING FURNACE AND THE BURNING LAMP: Talks on Toc H. Edited by the Rev. P. B. Clayton. (Longmans. 2s. 6d.)—The second title of this little collection of sermons explains their common aim. They are "Talks on Toc H" and explain the ideals of this now celebrated movement, which is "a religious movement or nothing," inviting men "to spread the gospel without preaching it." Its members need belong to no special denomination, "anybody who worships Christ and wants to follow in his ways may belong to it." All its members promise to give up one evening a week to some form of service and promise also to treat all Toc H men as brothers. Nevertheless, it is not merely an instrument for the diffusion of Christian morals. "For myself," writes Mr. Cyril Pearson in a sermon typical of the group, "if God helps me I will never have to do with any society which simply goes about asking men to be good. The first Christians never did that. They pointed men to a sacrifice they were unable to share and invited them to join a brotherhood to which they were not fit to belong, and then told them to carry on. That is what Toc H does to-day."

FRANZ JOSEPH AS REVEALED BY HIS LETTERS. Edited by Otto Ernst. Translated by Agnes Blake. (Methuen. 15s.)—Judging by the letters here selected from among the State archives in Vienna, the late Emperor of Austria must have been a most uninteresting correspondent. It is the "personal aspect" of the Emperor which Herr Ernst desires to bring before us, but these letters give us no picture at all. Their editor deduces from them that Franz Joseph was "the most conscientious of Head-clerks, a Civil Servant of the best sort"—in fact, "A Graven Image upon the Throne." But is this a fair deduction? Doubtless he adhered when writing to strict rigid and time-honoured forms, but he may have had a personality totally unrevealed by the work to which he devoted his life, just as clerks and Civil servants have. However, even the letters to his friends and his immediate family make wearisome reading. Albert King of Saxony was his greatest friend, the only man to whom he forbade the use of his titles, but he wrote to him chiefly of hunting and of small favours granted or refused to Albert's artist *protégés*. A sign of effort after literary effect shows itself in the notes he wrote to his strange and beautiful wife, towards whom his indulgence seems to have been unlimited. Once we seem to see a moment's emotion when he thanks her for lending her countenance to Frau von Schratt—the actress with whom he had so long a *liaison* and with whom the Empress Elizabeth was always friendly. To Frau von Schratt herself he wrote arranging for meetings, but nothing of more lasting interest.

REPARATION COMMISSION, VOL. XIV., OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS, and XVIa. (H.M.'s Stationery Office. 7s. 6d. and 3s. net.)—The last bound volume of documents issued by the Reparation Commission contains the English text of the Dawes Reports, the Protocols and decisions of the London Conference of August, 1924, at which the experts' plan was accepted, and also the German laws passed to carry out the plan, *i.e.*, those for the new bank of issue and for the currency, for the new railway company, for the charge on German industry, and for the external loan. With a full table of contents and an index it makes an excellent book of reference. We have also received the paper-bound volume, XVIa, issued by the Commission. It contains the Reports of the Commissions of the Reichsbank, of the Railways, the Controlled Revenues and Industrial Debentures from September 1st, 1926, to various dates in this year. The reports are, on the whole, more satisfactory than we expected when the Dawes Plan was first put into operation, and they reflect credit alike upon Germany and upon the representatives of the Reparation Commission in Germany. How far it is possible to expect this standard to be achieved year after year, morally or economically, no one can say.

A Library List

MISCELLANEOUS:—*Topsy Turvy*. By Vernon Bartlett. (Constable. 10s.)——*The Tibetan Book of the Dead*. By W. Y. Evans-Wentz. (Oxford University Press. 16s.)——*Official Motoring Map of Central Europe and Algeria*. (George Philip and Son. 6s.)——*Wise Parenthood*. By Marie Stopes. 14th Edition, with additions. (Putnam. 3s. 6d.)——*Prefaces and Introductions*. By Anatole France. (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.)——*Encyclopædia of Ironwork*. (Benn. 42s.)——*Roedean School*. By L. Cope Cornford and F. R. Yerbury. (Benn. 25s.)——*West Kent Joint Regional Planning Report*, 1927. By W. R. Davidge. (Vacher and Sons, Ltd. 10s. 6d.)——*Borrow House Museum*. By Geo. A. Stephens (Librarian). (Norwich Public Library Committee. 6d.)——*Building Societies Year Book*, 1927. (Reed and Co. 3s. 6d.)——*Coal and Industry: the Way to Peace*. By Lord Vernon. (Benn. 2s. 6d.)——*The London of our Grandfathers*. By Gordon Home. (The Homeland Association, Ltd. 3s. 6d.)——*Short Stories*. By H. G. Wells. (Benn. 7s. 6d.)

HUMOROUS:—*Letters of a Self-made Diplomat to his President*. By Will Rogers. (Brentano's. 7s. 6d.)——*There's not a Bathing Suit in Russia*. By Will Rogers. (Albert and Charles Boni. New York. $1.75.)

TRAVEL AND SCIENCE.—*Flame and Combustion in Gases*. By W. A. Bone and D. T. A. Townsend. (Longmans. 32s.)——*The New Korea*. By Alleyne Ireland. (E. P. Dutton and Co.)——*A Wayfarer on the Seine*. By E. I. Robson. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

NOVEL:—*The House of Fulfilment*. By L. Adams Beck (E. Barrington). (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

Just Published.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

1639-1701.

A Study in the Life and Literature of the Restoration.

By V. de SOLA PINTO. ***21s. net***

With two illustrations.

This is the first full length biography of a brilliant Wit, Courtier and Poet; the friend of Charles II, of Rochester, of Dryden and of Nell Gwyn; the hero of a notorious escapade at the Cock Tavern, and the author of some famous songs. Based largely on unpublished sources, Professor Pinto's book contains examples of the poet's correspondence which have never been printed before.

OTHER BIOGRAPHY

TROLLOPE: A Commentary
By MICHAEL SADLEIR. Illustrated. 15/- net

LETTERS OF GEORGE GISSING TO MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY
Edited by ALGERNON and ELLEN GISSING. Portrait. 18/- net

OSCAR BROWNING
By H. E. WORTHAM. Illustrated. 16/- net

EMILY DAVIES AND GIRTON COLLEGE
By LADY STEPHEN. 6 Illustrations. 21/- net

Just Published

TOPSY TURVY

By VERNON BARTLETT, author of "The Brighter Side of European Chaos." With drawings by D. Nachshen. 10s. net

Vernon Bartlett presents an episodic drama of post-war Europe during the first nightmare years of "peace." These stories are written by a man who knows what he narrates. Some are fashioned with the savage mockery of disillusion, a few bring tears, so pitiful is their tragedy; others, again, are almost joyously absurd.

THE HOTEL

By ELIZABETH BOWEN. ***7s. 6d. net***

In "The Hotel," Elizabeth Bowen offers a study—whimsical, brilliantly observed, agreeably *malin*—of the occupants of a Riviera Hotel during the winter season. Every one who has knowledge of that strange oversea Britain represented by the conventional Riviera of modern times will relish the experience, chuckle at the humour, and share the rather scornful melancholy of this delightful book.

RECENT FICTION

A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES
By GEORGE GISSING. ***7/6 net***

THE BARBURY WITCH
By ANTHONY RICHARDSON. ***7/6 net***

THE DREAMING GOD
By BASIL CAREY ***7/6 net***

THE ETERNAL PAST
By G. F. BRADBY. ***5/- net***

SISTER CARRIE
By THEODORE DREISER. ***7/6 net***

THE ROWFOREST PLOT
By A. R. WEEKES. ***7/6 net***

THE SUN IN SPLENDOUR
By THOMAS BURKE ***7/6 net***

10 ORANGE STREETS **CONSTABLE** LONDON W.C. 2

MOTHER INDIA

by

KATHERINE MAYO

'It is certainly the most fascinating, the most depressing and at the same time the most important and truthful book that has been written about India for a good deal more than a generation. To say that is no doubt to say a great deal, but it is not to say too much. Miss Mayo can observe accurately, can understand without prejudice, and can write—a combination of faculties that is unfortunately very rare. Her book is very heavily documented, almost every statement is a quotation from authority, yet it remains continuously readable.'

New Statesman

Third Impression

10s. 6d. net

★

JONATHAN CAPE THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE

LAURIE'S LIST

OIL

A Novel

By UPTON SINCLAIR

Author of "The Jungle." 10/6 net.

THE NATURAL STATE

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

Author of "The Eternal Masquerade." 7/6 net.

THE REAL LADY OF THE CAMELLIAS

And Other Women of Quality.

By C. A. DOLPH. Illus. 10/6 net.

Laura Bell, Cora Pearl, and others.

CONSTANTINOPLE

By PIERRE LOTI.

Translated by Marjorie Laurie. Illus. 10/6 net.

THE MADONNA OF THE SLEEPING CARS

By MAURICE DEKOBRA.

Another large printing ready. 7/6 net.

Please send for New List.

T. WERNER LAURIE LTD.,

26 Water Lane, London, E.C. 4.

THE WORKS OF
GEORGE A. DORSEY

*

WHY WE BEHAVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS

(12s. 6d. net)

The psychological and physiological history of mankind since the beginning of things, written simply and without pedantry.

TIMES LIT. SUPP.:—
'Dr. Dorsey writes a popular book which covers a wide field—embryology, dreams and psycho-analysis. The book is written in a lively and agreeable style.'

THE NATION:—
'It is intended and written for the ordinarily unscientific person, and he is swallowing it with avidity.'

DAILY NEWS:—
'A wealth of scientific theory and fact presented clearly and rapidly.'

THE NATURE OF MAN

(3s. 6d. net)

Written with the vividness, humour and simplicity which have made *Why We Behave Like Human Beings* one of the most phenomenal successes in the history of modern scientific writing. Dr. Dorsey discusses the different kinds of human behaviour in successive chapters such as 'How Man Lives,' 'How Man Grows,' 'How Man Responds,' 'The Family Situation,' 'The Rise of Civilisation.'

*

HARPER AND BROTHERS, LONDON

Rare Books, Antiques and Works of Art

Every Conceivable Subject.
Foyles hold an immense stock of books (second-hand and new) on every subject, including Collecting, Art, and Archæology. Also Rare Books, First Editions and Sets of Authors. Send list of requirements. Twenty Departmental Catalogues issued: any sent post free.
'Phone: Gerrard 9310 (3 lines).
FOYLE'S BOOKLOVERS PARADISE,
119 to 125 Charing Cross Road, W.C. 2.

BOOK BARGAINS.
Our latest list of publishers' remainders is full of exceptional bargains. All new copies at a fraction of the original price.
WILLIAM GLAISHER, LTD.
Booksellers since 1852
265, HIGH HOLBORN. LONDON, W.C.
Also just issued, a useful catalogue of General Literature, Classical Reprints, etc.

ELKIN MATHEWS, LIMITED,
First Edition of Englisl. Books
Catalogues sent to any address.
4a CORK STREET, LONDON, W. 1.

B. T. BATSFORD, LIMITED,
Fine Art and Architectural Booksellers.
94 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C. 1.
LARGE and UNIQUE STOCK OF OLD and NEW BOOKS on ALL BRANCHES OF ARCHITECTURE, THE DECORATIVE AND FINE ARTS, &c., including FINE BOOKS FOR COLLECTORS.
Enquiries Solicited. *Catalogues free on request.*

ARTHUR TOOTH & SONS,
ESTABLISHED 1842. LTD.
OLD ENGLISH PORTRAITS AND LANDSCAPES.
MODERN FRENCH PICTURES.
Photographs sent on request.
THE LATEST ETCHINGS AND WOODCUTS.
155 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON.

SERVICE AFTER THE SALE
It is not our practice to "let well alone" in respect of books that are sold. Our Literary Service Bureau offers Service after the Sale, and is at all times anxious to solve literary difficulties, to supply lists of modern books, of second-hand books, of foreign books (from our large stock), or of books on a desired topic.
We stress our Book Service; there is no better in Great Britain.
Send for Catalogues
J. & E. BUMPUS, Ltd
350 Oxford St., London, W. 1
By Appointment to His Majesty the King
'Phones — Mayfair 1223 and 1224

RNLI
SUPPORT
A BRITISH ENTERPRISE.
BRITISH in the men engaged in it;
BRITISH in its material;
BRITISH in that, while it serves
THE SEAFARERS OF THE WHOLE WORLD,
its chief work is done for **BRITISH SEAMEN;**
BRITISH above all in its spirit.
Will YOU support this British enterprise?
THE LIFE-BOAT SERVICE.
It is supported solely by VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.
Please give now and remember the Life-Boats in your Will.
Send 5/- to-day.
LORD HARROWBY, Honorary Treasurer
GEORGE F. SHEE, M.A. Secretary.
ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,
Life-Boat House, 22 Charing Cross Road, London, W.C. 2.

Notes for Collectors

The sales of the past season were remarkably successful, and the interest was maintained up to the very end of July. Prices were higher than ever, not only because money has depreciated in value but mainly because there are now many more collectors of books, manuscripts, pictures and works of art in general. The numerous well-endowed galleries and libraries in America have helped greatly to increase the demand for the artistic and literary possessions of impoverished Europeans, and no reasonable person need lament the fact. Those who cry out whenever an old master crosses the Atlantic are usually ignorant of the extent and unsurpassed quality of our national collections.

* * * *

Messrs. Sotheby's sale of July 27th was notable for the Byron, R. L. Stevenson and Kipling items. Byron's letter to his friend, Charles Gordon, describing the Eton and Harrow match of 1805, was, very appropriately, bought by some Old Harrovians, through Messrs. Maggs, for Byron's old school; at £350 this interesting autograph was not dear. The MS. of Stevenson's family history, *Records of a Family of Engineers*, with three chapters that were not published, fetched no less than £1,600; and the first edition of his first publication, the little pamphlet of 1886 on *The Pentland Rising*, brought £78. Mr. Kipling's earliest published writings excited a much fiercer competition. A copy of his extremely rare *Schoolboy Lyrics*, printed at Lahore in 1881, went up to £450; and a perfect copy in the original wrappers of *Echoes by Two Writers*, printed at Lahore three years later, fetched £355. Two brief MSS. by Mr. Kipling were sold for about £150 apiece. The touch of his pen is golden, indeed.

* * * *

For many of us old drinking glasses have a wonderful fascination. The Loan Court at South Kensington has recently contained a fine collection of English and Irish glass which illustrated its variety and charm. The fragile products of a delicate craft were never more in request, especially the engraved glasses which were so popular under the later Stuarts and the Georges, and which, one fears, perished for the most part in the drinking bouts of the period. It may be well to note that at Messrs. Christie's, in the last days of July, a drinking glass, engraved with floral sprays and inscribed "His Royal Highness Duke Wm. in a bumper," fetched the very large sum of 200 guineas. This exceptional piece was, of course, made for a loyal Hanoverian to celebrate Prince William, Duke of Cumberland's victory at Culloden in 1746 over Prince Charles Edward. The vanquished Pretender is a familiar subject on glasses. Two of these, bearing his engraved portrait and the motto "Audentior Ito," were sold in the same collection—that of the late Mr. W. H. Leslie—for 185 guineas. Old glasses stowed away in cupboards may be worth a great deal of money.

* * * *

In their scholarly new catalogue Messrs. Ingpen and Stonehill will startle some readers by quoting Tennyson first editions at five shillings apiece, while Mr. F. W. Bain's Oriental fantasies, on large paper, are priced at fifteen shillings, and Matthew Arnold's *Essays in Criticism* at two guineas for the two series. The explanation is, of course, that the Tennysons are late works which sold in vast numbers, while the first editions of the other authors were small. Tennyson's early pieces are extremely rare and precious, but a long time must pass before a first edition of, say, *Demeter* will be worth more than its published price. Scarcity determines price with old books as with other things. Two famous novels, in their first issues, are noted in this catalogue. Samuel Richardson's *Sir Charles Grandison* appears both in the six-volume octavo and the seven-volume duodecimo form, both dated 1754, though the duodecimo was finished first. The octavo costs eight guineas and the other five—prices which are certain to mount as the scanty supply of earlier English classics becomes exhausted. The first edition of Thackeray's *The Virginians*, in the original parts with the wrappers and advertisements but bound up, is priced at eighteen guineas. It is notable, by the way, that Thackeray's great novels have never rivalled those of Dickens from the collector's standpoint.

* * * *

The market in modern first editions is a special study in which collectors are seldom proficient. They know far more about the prices of Elizabethan or Restoration books than they do about the Neo-Georgians. They will be interested, therefore, in the latest catalogue issued by Mr. Arthur Rogers of Newcastle-on-Tyne, who specializes in what may be called recent rarities. Here one finds, for instance, Conrad's *Youth*, the first issue of the first edition of 1902, priced at £6 10s., and the first edition (1901) of *The House With the Green Shutters*, by the brilliant and lamented George Douglas Brown at £2 2s. Hudson's *Crystal Age* (1887) with an autograph costs £6 10s., and a first edition of Mr. W. W. Jacobs's masterpiece, *Many Cargoes*, £1 10s. Mr. Rogers's list deserves study and inspires many reflections. CONNOISSEUR.

Motoring Notes

The All-Weather Road Map

With the kind of summer we are experiencing this year, any motoring accessory that could claim to be "All-weather" must make an instant appeal to motorists. This term effectively describes a form of road map which has recently been placed on the market.

The *All-Weather Road Map* I have tested and proved to be impervious not only to water but to ink, oil and other liquids. It is made of a hard substance, not unlike celluloid in appearance, which will not crease, and has a specially glazed surface, which will not soil. One can well believe that with care it should last a lifetime. It is published by General Sales Promotion Ltd., 11–12 Pall Mall, in a series of five volumes, containing a total of 88 maps (including key-map) which cover the whole of England and Wales. The maps, printed on one side only, are exact reproductions of the Ordnance Survey quarter-inch Map of England and Wales, and the principal roads and landmarks are shown in distinctive colours.

The size of each map is 11½ by 7 inches, and, though too large for the coat pocket, any of the books will slip comfortably into the pocket of the car. Each book is made on the loose-leaf principle, so that any map section can be taken out without trouble. This allows the motorist to take with him just the number of maps required for an individual tour or to add sections from other books as is found necessary for longer journeys.

The cost of each book is 25s. This will seem expensive until the books have been purchased and their value fully appreciated. C. A. R.

Tabloid Tours

THROUGH THE NEW FOREST.

The New Forest, which covers an area of nearly 70,000 acres, is the happy hunting-ground of the botanist, artist and entomologist. It possesses good roads, beautiful scenery and remarkable natural history. One finds in the Forest insects, birds and flowers to be met with nowhere else in Britain, while its special breeds of ponies and pigs add greatly to its interest. The following is the suggested itinerary:—

London to Staines, 16½ miles; Bagshot, 9¾; Hartley Row, 10¼; Basingstoke, 9¼; Winchester, 16¾; Romsey, 10¾; Cadnam, 6½; Ringwood, 11; Wimborne, 9¾; Bournemouth, 9¾; Lymington, 16; Lyndhurst, 8½; Southampton, 9½; Otterbourne, 8½; Winchester, 4½; Alton, 17½; Farnham, 9½; Guildford, 10; London, 29¾. Total, 223¾ miles.

The run from Romsey to Ringwood passes through some superb forest scenery and along excellent roads. Many interesting places are passed, including Castle Malwood, the home of the Harcourts, from the grounds of which there is a very fine view over Southampton Water. A quarter of a mile away there is a track leading down to the Rufus Stone, where William II. was killed, and whence his body was carried in a charcoal-burner's cart to Winchester.

Ringwood is beautifully situated on the western extremity of the Forest. Wimborne, once quite an important town, but now a sleepy little market place, has one great attraction—a magnificent Minster, founded by St. Cuthberga in 700. The chained library, clock and chests are worth seeing.

* * * *

Few motorists are aware that to reverse a car for more than a few yards is not allowed by law. The law is quite definite; one is only allowed to drive a car backwards for a sufficient distance to enable one to turn round.

* * * *

The need for accuracy in spark control has greatly increased during the past few years, since the introduction of the high-speed engine. To meet this requirement the British Thomson-Houston Company, of Coventry, are marketing an attachment which fulfils automatically the duty of the usual ignition lever. The main feature of the system is the fact that the spark is as intensive in the fully retarded position as it is in the fully advanced position, as the relationship between the magneto and the engine is altered.

Answers to Old Testament Questions

1. (*a*) Job, (*b*) David.——2. The offering of First Fruits (Deut. xxvi.).——3. Abimelech.——4. (*a*) Saul, (*b*) Enoch.——5. (*a*) The ascent of Elijah. (*b*) the death of Elisha (2 Kings ii. and xiii.).——6. (*a*) Isaiah. (*b*) Samuel.——7. Jesus. Messiah.——8. "Lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."——9. Absalom.——10. Tyre. Alexander the Great.——11. Noah's dove.——12. The deaf adder.——13. Behemoth (Job xl.).

Finance—Public and Private

Soviet Russia—A World Enigma

I MAKE no apology for dealing this week with a book which has been sent to me concerning Soviet Russia, because the problem presented by that country is of a character which for many a year to come must profoundly affect not only political but economic developments in many parts of the world. In what follows, therefore, it must be understood that I am giving very little thought to whether Russia does or does not present a profitable field for investment in the near future, but a great deal of thought as to whether developments in that country will or will not be of a character calculated to disturb both political peace and international progress and prosperity.

Views of an American.

The book in question has been written by Mr. Ivy Lee, of New York. It is entitled *A World Enigma*, and it deals with the great problem of Soviet Russia. It consists of a record of impressions formed by Mr. Ivy Lee—a well-known American citizen—during a fortnight's stay in Moscow. The book is copyrighted and is for private circulation only, but it is worthy of an extensive circulation. Its merit, in my judgment, consists in the fact that, with little in the way of personal comment until the very end of the book, the writer simply records his impressions of conditions in Russia. While, of course, Mr. Lee's account is bound to be sketchy owing to the brevity of his visit, his impressions are most vivid; and for my own part, I feel that I have a clearer view of conditions in Russia since I have read the book than I had before. It is admirably written and the interest of the reader is held from start to finish. Here, for example, are a few opening sentences from the introduction designed to impress upon the reader the great extent of Russia and the vast population. Mr. Ivy Lee says:—

> "When I visited Mr. Rykov, Prime Minister of Russia, in the Kremlin at Moscow and told him that my stay there was for ten days only, he smiled and said: 'So you are assuming to get an idea of Russia in ten days. I, as head of the Russian Government, have spent all my life here. I am in daily contact with the men who are supposed to know all about Russia, yet only last week we had reported to us for the first time the existence of a new tribe of Russian people of whom none of us had ever before heard.'"

Objects of Visit.

In this introduction Mr. Lee explains that, besides making personal observations of conditions in Russia, he wanted, in particular, to discover how the Bolshevik propaganda was carried on and to study the general nature of the reported conspiracy against Capital. Although his stay in Moscow was limited to ten days or a fortnight, his book bears internal evidence of impressions having been gleaned not only from high and interested quarters such as Soviet statesmen and politicians, but also from daily contact with the general members of the community such as shopkeepers, hotel-keepers, guides and servants.

There are chapters in this book on the difficulties attending the entry into and exit from Russia, the general life and conditions in Moscow, the manner in which Russian art has been preserved, the manner in which news of the outer world is supplied to Russia and, *per contra*, the methods by which the world learns of developments in Russia. Several chapters deal with the political organization of the country and also with the part played by the trade unions. The nature of Russia's relations with foreign countries is largely explained through the mouthpiece of members of the Russian Government, but the comments are none the less interesting and valuable. At the close of the book the relations between Russia and the United States are dealt with at considerable length, and, finally, Mr. Lee, in a chapter entitled "A World Dilemma," summarizes his impressions and reaches certain conclusions.

Three Main Points.

Apart from the mass of most interesting detail in the book there are three main points developed by Mr. Ivy Lee which seem to me of profound interest. The first of these is the distinction which has to be made between the Soviet official Government and the International Communist Party in Russia. Another point is the extraordinary mentality of Russia towards her external financial obligations and, indeed, towards other nations in general. Thirdly, there is the great problem whether Russia will swing towards the West and civilization or whether she will continue her aggressive propaganda in the East and such countries, for example, as China and India.

With regard to the first of these points, Mr. Lee holds that even in Russia there is a great difference between the members of the Soviet and the extreme International Communists. Briefly, the former may be said to have learned a good deal from experience and to have begun to realize that it is impossible to continue revolutionary processes for ever, and that the work of construction requires not only capital but intercourse with the other nations of the world. The International Communists, on the other hand, still burn with revolutionary ardour and are possessed with the idea that their mission is to produce revolution in other countries, though how such conditions are likely to minister to the good of their own country, of course, passes comprehension.

Russian Mentality.

The mentality of Russia, even including Ministers themselves, is extraordinarily interesting and is, perhaps, only to be comprehended if we remember that we are dealing with a country which is a century or two behind our own in the matter of education and civilization. At first sight, for example, it is almost unthinkable that the Soviet Government should imagine that at one and the same time it can repudiate its external obligations and yet seek to attract new capital. And, of course, it *is* absurd, as Soviet Russia will have to find out. On the other hand, it has to be remembered that we are dealing with a party which for many years previous to the revolution regarded the rulers of Russia who borrowed from abroad as enemies of the people whose acts must be repudiated at the first opportunity. Moreover, followers of the revolution have been taught those doctrines daily and, therefore, absurd as it may seem, Soviet authorities apparently make a distinction between an acknowledgment of past debts and an "arrangement" whereby it may suit the interests of Russia to make payments to foreign creditors. Unfortunately, however, for the chances of acceptance of this logic by the foreign creditor, we know that such promises to pay are always linked with the clear understanding that the creditors must first give Russia a fresh loan.

The Final Conclusion.

With regard to the final point, namely, the problem which Russia presents to the civilized world, I cannot do better, perhaps, than quote the closing sentences in Mr. Ivy Lee's book. He says:—

> "The dilemma which faces civilisation is this: 'How to draw Russia towards the West, to cure the disease of Bolshevism, to avert the menace of revolutionary Asia.'
>
> Such is the supreme challenge to the business statesmanship of the world!"

ARTHUR W. KIDDY.

Financial Notes

Holiday Markets.

IF I were to employ the current language of the Stock Exchange, I should have to say there was practically "nothing doing" in any market, and that business, in fact, was more or less at a standstill. I do not think, however, that would be a really accurate description of the Stock Exchange. I should be more inclined to say that so far as gilt-edged stocks were concerned, it was a case of marking time, with transactions strictly confined to a few investment purchases coming upon markets where the supply of stock is small. In other directions, however, and notably in the markets for Industrials and Rubber shares, there is a very keen disposition to pick up

Beauty on all sides!

If your interior walls are painted with "Wallpax" (the only patent flat wax paint made in this country) they can always be beautiful, fresh and clean, because washing or scrubbing doesn't harm

"WALLPAX"

THE WONDER PAINT

whether painted on paper, canvas, plaster, wood, stone or iron. Dries with a soft velvet-like finish.
Available in 32 lovely colours to harmonize with any decoration scheme.
Ask your decorator, and write for the interesting free book to Sole Manufacturers and Patentees:
SAMUEL WILLS & CO., LTD., 22 Castle Green, BRISTOL.

The new bonuses declared by the "Old Equitable" are so large that if they are continued in the future at the same rate—as seems probable—an assurance of £1,000 effected at age 25, payable at age 60 or previous death, and costing £28 a year, will produce £1,921 at the end of the term, or £941 more than the premiums paid.

Equitable Life Assurance Society

(Founded 1762)

19 Coleman Street, London, E.C. 2

No shareholders No commission

UNITED KINGDOM PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

Chairman: The Rt. Hon. WALTER RUNCIMAN, M.P.

FUNDS EXCEED £16,000,000.

Send for copy of Revised Tables for Non-profit Policies at specially low Rates.

Assurances without Medical Examination. With and without Profits.

Head Office:
196 STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.
'Phone: City 4062 (5 lines).

THERE IS NO BETTER WAY

of providing for those dependent upon you than by opening a Policy payable at death but under which the premiums cease at age 60 or 65.

THE PROTECTION LASTS A LIFETIME

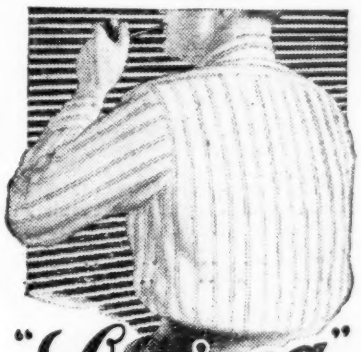
YOUR PAYMENTS CEASE AT THE USUAL AGE FOR RETIRING FROM BUSINESS

Full particulars will be sent on application to

The Scottish Provident Institution
For Mutual Life Assurance

Head Office: 6 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH
London: 3 Lombard Street, E.C.; 17 Pall Mall, S.W. 1.

FUNDS £19,500,000



"Luvisca" SHIRTS, PYJAMAS & SOFT COLLARS

STRONG evidence of the value found in "LUVISCA" SHIRTS, PYJAMAS AND SOFT COLLARS is their popularity with men of affairs. Their obvious smartness and tastefulness are appreciated the more because of their careful cut and finish and hard wearing and washing qualities.

Look for the registered "Luvisca" tab on every garment. None genuine without.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write Courtauld's Ltd. (Dept. 58M), 16 St. Martins-le-Grand, London, E.C. 1, for name of nearest retailer and descriptive booklet.

bargains and, moreover, to continue to speculate in a few favourite counters such as British Celanese, Courtaulds, and some of the shares in the Tobacco group. One even hears of new companies being formed to take up the new sport of greyhound racing, but popular as that sport has proved to be at the White City, I suggest that any propositions in that direction should be studied with very great care.

* * * *

Problem in French Bonds.

A very constant reader of the *Spectator* presents me with the following problem, desiring that I should express my views with regard to the course to be adopted. My correspondent is in the position of holding French Credit National Bonds as follows:—

225 frs., 500 1919 5 p.c.	Nominal	112,500
120 „ 500 1920 „ .. .. „		60,000
	Frs. ..	172,500

These bonds were bought at various dates from 1918 on, at an exchange of 26, 30, 40, 50, &c., the purchaser always hoping, by further and later purchases, to equalize. As it was a Government security, he says, "I considered these purchases 'gilt-edged,' and no doubt there will be many thousands of Britishers who thought likewise. Can anything be done to give these bonds an equitable value? If I sell out to-day I should lose a very large amount. Some time ago, I think it was proposed in the *Times* to appeal to—or at any rate to approach—the French Government (on behalf of the British subscribers *collectively*) regarding the loss incurred by British contributors to their loans, owing to the terrible fall in the franc, whether spent in France to-day or converted into sterling at prevailing rate of exchange."

* * * *

To Hold or to Sell.

I am sure that my correspondent is right in thinking that he is not alone in his misfortunes, and I must imagine also from his letter that he possibly failed to do as some were fortunate enough to do, namely, to average the price by purchasing the bonds when they were at an exceedingly low level. On the other hand, it is fair to remember that these bonds are not among those which were offered specifically by the French Government on this side through the Bank of England, but constituted a local issue, though probably enough some of the foreign banks sent over on behalf of English clients subscriptions for participation. As no doubt my correspondent is aware, there are constant drawings at a premium, and, having regard to the reasonable hope that there will be no further fall in the franc, I gather that most holders who are in the position of this correspondent are electing to hold on rather than cut their loss, hoping to get something back either through drawings, through some recovery in the franc, or through both. Personally, I should not be inclined to build much on hopes of a great improvement in the franc, but the prospect of *steadiness* perhaps strengthens the argument of those who recommend holding for a longer period. Having regard to what I have said above, I scarcely think that much would be gained by any special representations to the French Government on the part of British holders.

* * * *

A Good Recovery.

The latest half-yearly report of Rylands and Sons, Limited, is a most satisfactory one. A year ago the reverse was the case owing to the industrial troubles, but the latest report shows a profit of £104,000 as compared with £86,000 for the corresponding period of the previous year and £98,000 for the first half of 1925. The amount brought in, however, was smaller than usual, and inasmuch as the dividends on the Preference and Ordinary Shares are maintained at 8 per cent. per annum, the amount to be carried forward is reduced to £23,000, while the Reserve Fund remains at £250,000, and the Insurance Contingency Fund at £350,000.

* * * *

Railways *versus* Roads.

I have written so much in these columns of late concerning what I venture to regard as shortcomings in railroad organization that I feel I must not do more than draw attention in a few lines to criticisms which have appeared from another quarter in a little pamphlet entitled *Railways* versus *Roads*. The writer is Mr. E. H. Davenport, a well-known economist in the City, and the main point of his pamphlet consists in the contention that the railways should meet some of the motor-car traffic, both as regards passengers and goods, by getting on to the roads themselves. There is a good deal which might be urged in support of Mr. Davenport's contention, though I cannot help wishing, in view of the present congestion of the road traffic, that, if possible, railroad traffic should be kept to the steel metals and to the permanent way.

A. W. K.

Insurance

THE MOST SUITABLE POLICY

There is no one life policy that is the most suitable for all purposes, but if we are to obtain the most advantageous results from life assurance, the choice of the most appropriate policy is of the greatest importance.

Probably in the majority of cases, the chief use of life assurance is to make provision for dependents in the event of the death of a man who is earning an income. He may be recently married, or about to be married, and may have little or no capital to leave at his death. In such a case, the most ample provision for his family in the event of his early death is the chief thing that has to be considered. I explained on June 18th how protection could be provided at a very small cost by means of "convertible term" policies, and it is not worth while to repeat the description. These term policies, however, are very seldom worth taking, unless it is reasonably certain that a man will be able to afford much larger premiums for life assurance in the near future.

The policy that makes the next largest provision for dependents for a given outlay in premiums is whole life assurance. The sum assured is payable at death whenever it happens, and premiums have to be paid annually, half-yearly or quarterly, as long as the assured lives. These policies, like most others, can be taken either with or without participation in the profits of the life office, but as a well-chosen with-profit policy is a far better contract than non-participating assurance, the former should almost invariably be selected.

Naturally if a man is to share in the profits he must pay something for the privilege, and therefore a given outlay, for example £10 a year, secures a smaller amount of assurance under with-profit than it does under non-profit policies. Some idea of the amount of assurance under the two plans can be obtained from the following table:—

Sum Assured for £10 a Year.

	Age 25	Age 30	Age 35	Age 40
	£	£	£	£
Non-profits	705	609	517	434
With profits				
Year 1	478	426	374	324
10	569	506	445	407
20	676	603	529	458
30	804	717	629	545
40	957	853	749	649

The amount of the sum assured with profits for the first year is the guaranteed amount of the policy, and does not include the bonus which will be given if the policy becomes a claim after the premium for only one year has been paid.

It will be seen that at the outset the non-profit policy would yield a substantially larger return than the participating assurance, but after some such period as twenty years, the with-profit assurance gives much better results.

The majority of people are likely to live long enough for the with-profit policy to prove the better investment.

If the amount of assurance at the outset seems a disadvantage, the office is prepared to discount part of the future bonuses and allow this discounted value as a reduction of the premiums from the outset. In such a case the sums assured by the policy for a premium of £10 a year would be £604 for age 25 at entry, £526 for age 30 at entry, £454 for age 35, and £386 if the policy were commenced at age 40. Assuming the present rate of bonus to be maintained, these policies would increase by about 11s. per cent. per annum, calculated upon the sum assured and existing bonuses. They afford more protection at the outset than policies with full participation with profits, though they are not such satisfactory contracts in the long run, but they are definitely better for most people than the non-participating policies.

There are other aspects of whole life policies which show them to be especially advantageous in some circumstances, and not suitable in others. These questions will be dealt with in future articles.

William Schooling.

A tribute to taste.

Like a wine of rare vintage, the distinctive charm of GOLD BLOCK *satisfies* the taste of connoisseurs in pipe-tobacco.

GOLD BLOCK

1oz. Packet 1/4
2oz Packet 2/8
¼lb. Tin 5/4

FINE VIRGINIA CUT PLUG.

GB58

USE A **Waterman's Ideal FountainPen**

It will do anything you want it to

Drawn by Alfred Leete.

MACMILLAN'S NEW BOOKS

WIDECOMBE FAIR
By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. 10s. 6d. net.
[Widecombe Edition.

THE THIEF OF VIRTUE
By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. 10s. 6d. net.
[Widecombe Edition.

THE THREE BROTHERS
By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. 10s. 6d. net.
[Widecombe Edition.

THE RIVER
By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. 10s. 6d. net.
[Widecombe Edition.

A Booklet describing the Widecombe Edition of Eden Phillpotts's Novels, with a list of the volumes, may be had post free on application.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK
By J. B. PRIESTLEY. 5s. net.
[English Men of Letters.

Mr. Arthur Waugh in *The Daily Telegraph*:—"The sound and searching vigour of Mr. Priestley's criticism and the warm humanity of his literary temperament have never been better displayed than they are in this monograph on Thomas Love Peacock, a fine and finished essay in interpretation."

THE DARK BREED
A Book of Poems
By F. R. HIGGINS. 3s. 6d. net.

The Spectator:—"Mr. Higgins has a remarkable sense of water—not fire-quenching, but fire-reflecting—that must make this book a delight to island-lovers and those who have lived much in places by the sea."

"PROFESSOR TIM" and "PAUL TWYNING"
Two Comedies by GEORGE SHIELS. 7s. 6d. net.

The Cork Examiner:—"The reading of the first of these pleasant and clever plays is a pure delight, the stage presentation—it was first produced in the Abbey Theatre two years ago—has evoked the highest laudations from audiences and critics alike. The characters are all fully drawn and the dialogue and scenes are brilliant and highly diverting."

FIFTH IMPRESSION.
THE PSALMS CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED
An Amended Version, with Historical Introductions and Explanatory Notes. By Four Friends. Fifth Impression. 5s. net.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON, W.C.2

THE UNION BANK OF AUSTRALIA, LIMITED.

Established 1837. Incorporated 1880. Capital Authorised, £12,000,000; Capital Issued, £10,500,000; Paid-up Capital, £3,500,000, Reserve Fund, £4,250,000 (together, £7,750,000); Reserve Liability of Proprietors, £7,000,000. DRAFTS are GRANTED on the Bank's Branches throughout the Australian States and Dominion of New Zealand. TELEGRAPHIC REMITTANCES are also made. BILLS are purchased or sent for collection. DEPOSITS are received for fixed periods on terms which may be ascertained on application.

HEAD OFFICE: 71 CORNHILL, London, E.C. 3.

INSURANCE ?

THE PRUDENTIAL

OF COURSE !

Don't say "petrol" say Pratts

Exclusively from the world's richest oil-fields

DA 951

A Cruise, Sept. 10, from London to **CONSTANTINOPLE** *by*

P&O

S.S. **RANCHI** *twin-screw;*

Oil-burning: 16,600 tons gross.

THE "Ranchi's" cruise in September will take her through seas and into ports famous in classical and modern history. The first stage of the journey, broken by a day at Gibraltar, will bring her to Naples. Over ultramarine waters, 'twixt Scylla and Charybdis, the ship will come to Messina, a new city, arisen beside the ruins of the old. Between her calls at Cyprus and Crete, islands of undying interest, the "Ranchi" will have given her guests a day at Athens and two days at Constantinople. Homewards, a day at Malta and another at Tangier will punctuate the final course of a varied and entertaining month's holiday.

28 DAYS, BERTHS from 58 GNS.

Fourteen days for twenty-five pounds. London, first-class by P. & O., to Marseilles and back via Gibraltar. For programme and reduced hotel tariffs apply as below.

For Pictorial Handbooks, Berths and information apply:

P. & O. CRUISES, 14 Cockspur St., LONDON, S.W. 1.

(*F. H. GROSVENOR . . . Manager.*)

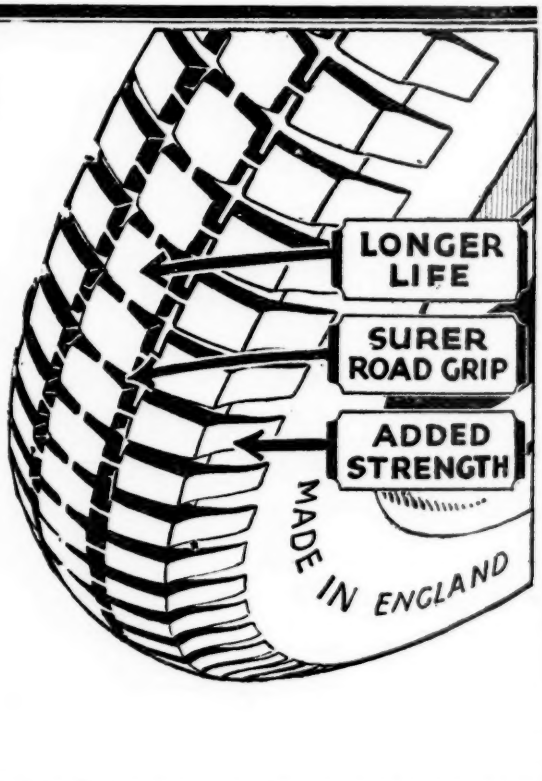
The result of Experience

THE expert technicians of The Dunlop Rubber Company have a great inheritance—thirty-nine years of tyre building experience! All the accumulated wisdom and knowledge of tyres, their characteristics and their manufacture, is behind every Dunlop Tyre you buy. Experience counts! Without the background of that thirty-nine years you could not expect the service you get in the present Dunlop Tyres. When you next buy tyres, therefore, remember this thirty-nine years of unrivalled experience and

Insist on

DUNLOP

The Standard by which all tyres are judged



DUNLOP WIRED TYRES
having the buttressed tread, are readily obtainable in practically all Balloon and Medium Pressure sizes

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED, FORT DUNLOP, BIRMINGHAM
Branches throughout the World

THERE IS A DUNLOP TYRE FOR EVERY STANDARD RIM

C.F.H. 641